Week ending April 22 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

# John Bull

## PROBLEM DAUGHTERS
by IAN BEVAN

## THE FABULOUS M.C.C.
by ERIC BENNETT

## WILFRED PICKLES ON LEISURE

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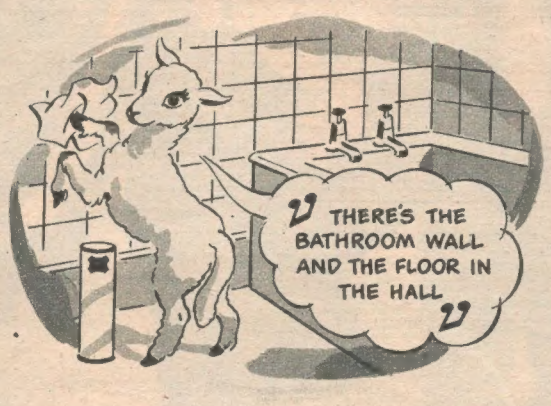

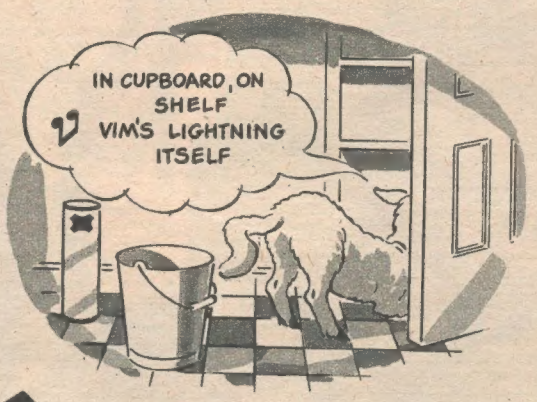

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**VIM** is gentle as a lamb for all spring-cleaning jobs!

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E D I T O R I A L

# Why don't we tackle the rent control muddle?

LEASEHOLD REFORM is high on Parliament's programme, and is long overdue. But nobody at all shows signs of getting on with the reform of our rent control laws. Yet this affects a far greater number of people, and is even more urgent. The laws relating to limitation of rents are in such an abominable muddle that even lawyers—the only people who might gain from such chaos—are themselves often baffled and irritated.

No fewer than ten Rent Restriction Acts are now wholly or partly in force. They were passed at intervals over the last thirty years, and they make up the most bewildering patchwork to be found anywhere in our legal system.

For stopping extortion these laws are useless. They are riddled with holes. Neither landlords nor tenants understand them fully. They bristle with anomalies and mysteries.

To make them still more puzzling, the acts are not even self-contained. They continually refer to each other. They are like an encyclopaedia in which you look up, say, "England," only to find the words "see Britain," and turn to that, only to be told "see Great Britain."

A legal draftsman in an alcoholic frenzy could not have produced a worse muddle than this mass of hotchpotch, piecemeal legislation. Yet it *is* the law, and it daily affects the lives and incomes of millions of people.

WHAT is the object of Rent Restriction Acts? It is, briefly, to prevent undue increases of rent by limiting landlords' power to exploit housing shortages and the fierce demand for homes which these cause. The acts both keep rents down and prevent tenants being turned out.

In return, landlords are protected against mortgage interest being increased or mortgages being called in.

No sensible person would deny that some of these aims are being achieved even by the present laws. But in a very rough-and-ready way, and often at needless expense.

The principal criticisms have been stressed by inquiry after inquiry. Committees considered the acts in 1920, 1931 and 1937, and again in 1945. All of them recommended the consolidation of these unintelligible layers of legislation into one sensible measure.

Yet nothing has been done towards simplification. The laws still overlap, and the injustices inflicted on the public continue.

All ten acts together do not seriously check the premium or "key-money" racket.

In theory a fine of £100 can be inflicted on anyone who makes payment of premium a condition of granting a lease—except where the tenancy is to last fourteen years or more.

But there are several ways round that provision. One is the fourteen-years' lease. A rapacious landlord can insist on the tenant agreeing to a long lease so that he becomes liable to pay premium.

ANOTHER dodge is for the landlord to take legal refuge behind the house agent. For nowhere in the acts is it stipulated that an *agent* may not demand a premium.

If a home-seeker is desperate enough, he can be "taken for a ride" in a third way. Who is to say whether, in the privacy of a business conversation, he did not himself offer to pay a premium? And the law does not ban premiums suggested from that side of the legal fence. . . .

"Why not *offer* me a premium?" the landlord can whisper, and the unfortunate tenant is induced to put it in writing so that there can be no comeback on the landlord.

Then there is the trick of fictitious sale. The tenant signs a deed which, it is mutally understood, shall not be carried out, but which nevertheless binds him to pay "instalments" which are higher than the controlled rent would have been.

But not all landlords are greedy, in spite of the bad reputation earned for the whole class by the worst ones—and the honest have legitimate grievances against the present law.

For example, if their rents are fixed at the 1939 level, their repair and maintenance costs are not. So they may be out of pocket on some properties for years at a time.

A greater wealth of evidence on what is wrong with the law is now available than ever before. Rent tribunals have dealt with 50,000 cases a year.

So there is the best possible foundation for non-party action to clean up this chaotic corner of our law for the benefit and relief of all classes.

Here, surely, is the sort of "non-controversial" Bill which our present evenly balanced Parliament would be well-employed in discussing.

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# FREE SPEECH

## Parents hold the cure for crime

YOUR EDITORIAL ON GETTING to the roots of crime among youngsters (JOHN BULL, March 18) was good reading. I have had twenty-eight years' experience teaching children, the last ten years with delinquents. Each boy in our care has been pronounced "beyond control," but we generally find him to be a very frightened youngster.

Our method is to give him, above all, a sense of security—a home, good food, regular hours and constant supervision. We train him in good habits, eliminating his desire to be a "tough guy." But all we do could be done by the parents. The cause—and the cure—of the trouble lies in the home. Put the homes right and you will uproot crime among youngsters. — SCHOOLMASTER, Surrey.

. . . One of the causes of violent crime by youngsters is the denuding of our streets of uniformed police. Our police now swish by in motor cars, are occupied in offices compiling statistics, or attending telephones, waiting for the public to discover and notify crime. How different when the children saw the policeman in every street, at every traffic point and outside every school. —W. BOTTRILL, Chief Inspector Metropolitan Police (1908-1937), 110 College Road, Deal, Kent.

### Near-broke At College

WHILE THE PICTURE of life at Cambridge (JOHN BULL, March 25) was most interesting, I think it should be pointed out that Oxford and Cambridge are not typical of the British universities. They form only one small section.

At University College, Southampton, where I am studying, the maximum grant is £215 per annum. Many students receive less than this. How do we live on our grants? I don't really know, but poor as we are, we love every minute of it. — J. E. HALSALL, Walton, Liverpool.

### Friendship And Loneliness

THE ARTICLE BY Wilfred Pickles, "The Meaning of Friendship" (JOHN BULL, March 25), brought home just how dreadful loneliness can be. On occasions I have lived over a hundred miles from my nearest friend. I used to sit in restaurants and try to start up conversations with waitresses or women sitting at the same table. Anything for someone to talk to. It made me realize that it is up to all of us to look for lonely people and help make their lives happier.—MRS. ELIZABETH LAMBERT, 42 Firs Drive, Cranford, Middlesex.

### They Live Underground

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to spend winter in a hole in the ground? I have recently returned from Canada, where many of my friends start to build homes and complete only the basement by winter. They hibernate through sub-zero weather and when spring comes they emerge and start building the next floor.

But some fall by the wayside. The basement built and the hibernating over, they find they have no money for more materials. So they continue to live in what looks like an earth mound with a chimney sticking through it.—MRS. CHRISTINE RANDALL, Barry-Lea, Albert Road, Bexley, Kent.

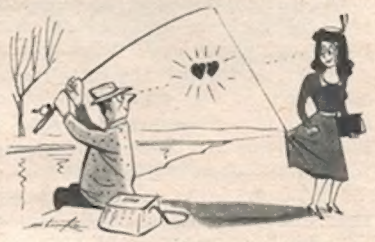
### Deserter's Mother

EVERY MORNING I WAKE UP wondering whether this will be *the* day, the day the Army catches up on my son. For five and a half years now he has been a deserter. Although he is still on the run, he has managed to get a good job and is thinking about getting married. But I have told him it would not be fair to ask another woman to go through the daily torture that I and thousands of other mothers and wives have to endure, never knowing when the blow will come.

Are we so inhuman that we can't grant a general amnesty in the same way as we did after the first World War?—MRS. A. H., Manchester.

### Hooked For Life

LAURENCE KIRK'S recent story "Honeymoon For One" (JOHN BULL, February 25) intrigued me, for I could positively identify myself with the heroine, Fanny, the fisherman's wife. I have waded knee deep in reeds, chin high in nettles, slid down river banks



and gradually acquired throughout the years a weathered countenance, rheumatism and a patient smile. All my own fault, of course, for allowing myself to be landed by a fisherman in the first place.—HOOKED, North Yorkshire.

### Teaching At Home

REPLYING TO MRS. L. E., of Birmingham ("Free Speech," March 25): it does cause confusion if a child is taught the alphabet at home—unless it is taught phonetically. Children starting school learn to read by building their words from sounds, not the letters.—SCHOOLMISTRESS AND MOTHER, Naunton, Upton-on-Severn, Worcestershire.

. . . My advice to Mrs. L. E. is, give your child all the help you can. She will need it if you are going to send her to a Birmingham school. We are told that my son, who has been attending a primary school since last October, will not be taught to read until he is seven and even then will not be made to work if he doesn't want to. —PARENT, Great Barr, Birmingham.

. . . An intelligent child will adapt himself quite naturally to different methods when he goes to school. One of my sons could read, write and do sums when he was four years old, and yet when he went to school he took everything in his stride.—MRS. B. DAVIES, 115 Devonshire Avenue, Southsea, Hants.

### Seaweed As A Food

IN "MAGIC POWDER FROM THE SEA" (JOHN BULL, March 25), Ian Bevan mentions carrageen being used in medicines. During the German occupation of Guernsey we used to collect carrageen moss from the beach, put it in water overnight, then leave it in the sun to bleach. When it was white it was ready to eat; we used cordials to give it a better flavour. Almost everyone used it. — GUERNSEYMAN, Channel Islands.

### Two Views On Dentists

SITTING IN THE DENTIST'S CHAIR waiting to have two teeth extracted, I noticed the dentist was preparing to give me gas. As gas has a bad effect on me I told him I wanted to have cocaine.

"Too busy," he snapped. "It's quicker with gas and I can't stop to mess about with cocaine injections."

I left without having any teeth extracted. When dentists start dictating to patients surely it is time to tighten up the National Health Service regulations.—MRS. A. C., Bristol.

. . . I feel compelled to write in praise of our village dentist, as I think the dental profession is being constantly maligned. He is a young man, a fully qualified dental surgeon, and he is obliging and courteous at all times and with all people. Children have no fear of him—my own little boy says he prefers having a tooth out to having his hair cut.—MRS. E. L. SHORE, 17 Aspley Heath, Tanworth-in-Arden, Birmingham.

### Queen Of The Home

HOW VERY NICE TO BE a housewife and mother. For thirty-five years I have been just part of the home, looking after a large family. My mother used to tell me, "They'll make your arms ache when they're little but they'll make your heart ache when they're big.".

Today my heart does ache—with happiness. My husband, my children and my two foster children have each greeted me on my birthday with flowers, a small gift or a card. I feel like a queen.—MRS. E. M. FIELD, 76 Main Street, Branston, Burton-on-Trent.

. . . Surely the loneliest and dreariest of occupations is being a housewife. Wary of neighbours, confined socially to our own district and having little money left for outings, we tend to become four-wall minded. What is to be done for us? A housewives' rehabilitation centre, or just oblivion?—MRS. EDNA WOOLLETT, 28 Rustington Walk, Morden, Surrey.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

### *THIS WEEK'S COVER*

THE situation is imaginary. But the artist, William Edward Narraway, maintains that it could easily happen—especially in a small village like his own of Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey. A member of the village cricket team, Narraway used the other players as models. He likes painting ordinary people and as only 617 people live at Holmbury, nearly all have appeared in his pictures.

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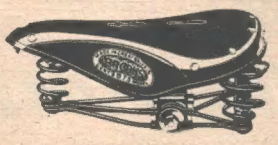

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"SHE'S BECOME ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST GIRLS IN MY CLASS SINCE SHE BECAME AN OVALTINEY AND HAD OVALTINE EVERY DAY."
—YES, AND THANKS TO OVALTINE, SHE SLEEPS LIKE A TOP EVERY NIGHT.
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**OVALTINE** *provides the Highest Possible Quality at the Lowest Possible Price*

*Remember—there is only ONE Ovaltine*

# *It pays to buy the Best*

P.759.A

# THE OUTCAST CHILDREN COME HOME

*They join Matron Parish's large family. She knows that, to a child, home should mean more than a roof*

*by W. E. PURCELL*

ANDREW, SON OF A COLOURED G.I. and an English girl, was taken as a baby to a children's home in Catford. Later, he was sent to the U.S. for adoption by coloured people. There, his behaviour becoming odd, psychiatrists were called in to account for his habit of running after white women to tug their skirts. They concluded he was looking for someone—for his earliest, dearest memory. So again over the Atlantic went Andrew.

Back in Catford, in the middle of the L.C.C.'s Bellingham Estate, he found what he was after, a tall figure in a blue dress and a white cap tied by tapes under the chin. "It was quite a moment," said Matron Parish, of the Church of England Children's Society Home. "He ran up the street like an arrow. I suppose he wanted *me*."

He did. To be the centre of life to a whole crowd of tiny children is Miss Parish's job. "The perfect job for a woman," was her comment, "provided you like children and haven't any 'nine to five' complex. You have to be with them always, all the time. Come and see."

It was getting dark in Catford that evening. All around lights were coming on in people's houses. "The great point to remember about these kiddies," Miss Parish said, "is that mostly they haven't got homes. We fill the gap."

We had stopped at a door with a glass strip down the middle. Inside was a glimpse of a fire-flickered room and the white uniforms of a staff nurse and two trainees. When they saw us looking through, the children ran to their side of the door, peeping, pressing hands like little starfish on the glass.

### Kenneth, Edna And The Twins

Whose children? Well, here are some of the case records on file with the society. There was, for instance, Kenneth. His mother dead, his father unknown, he lived at the back of a blitzed shop, had to get his own meals. He was seven. Then there was Edna, a tiny mite who slept in a drawer, always wet and miserable until a local authority discovered her. There were the boy twins, unwanted flotsam in a house where things happened not to be written of. When rescued, each was neurotic, paper thin.

There are scores, hundreds of these records. Every day the society Miss Parish works for has 5,000 children in its care. In eighty years it has chalked up a proud total of 63,500 helped to new life. What these people do, in fact, is to write Act II to stories which begin when a case of neglect or destitution is shown up, when some girl with a child finds it impossible to carry on. It can start in all sorts of ways.

*"Defendant, aged twenty-two, was charged with wilful neglect of her baby by leaving her on*

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

**Matron Parish introduces Ann, aged five and a half, to her prospective foster parents**

*several occasions forty-eight hours in a locked room while she herself went out with men friends. Neighbours said they had heard the child screaming. Medical evidence reported it as dirty and emaciated. The court directed the child be removed to the care of a competent authority.*"

Generally, that is the end of Act I. Being performed publicly, it gets a good deal of attention. Before long it may get more, when the movement, already officially approved, to sharpen the lookout for children in distress, gets under way. Act II, though longer and more important, tends to be a more behind-the-scenes affair. The court disperses. Officially, the child is "rescued." Actually, the drama is only just beginning—for ahead stretches the long task of bringing the child up.

This is Miss Parish's cue, where she comes in. The Children's Society, working in close touch with the N.S.P.C.C. and local authorities, takes every week some of these "nobody's children." They turn up, not in person, but as cases to be considered, at the society's headquarters in Kennington, South London.

None of the popular ideas about religious charity operates here. No thin-lipped inquisitors inquire about morals. Everybody in this headquarters is much too busy trying to put straight the heart-touching consequences of some other people's not having any. In fact, they make the special claim never to set up as a Court of Morals at all, but to concentrate simply and solely on the child.

The aim is to give children who do not possess one, a home. But not, at any price, a "Home." Miss Parish would definitely resent that capital letter. And so her society cuts it out altogether, preferring to call its establishments, 117 of them all told, just "branches." For the same reason there are no housemasters or mistresses. Officially there are housefathers and mothers; unofficially, and with a touching instinct which shows what they really want in their hearts, the children usually call them simply "daddy and mummy," which is not sentiment, but realism.

Their children wear no uniform and go to school individually, like anybody else's. They have pocket money. If anyone can make them happy these people try.

### Outcasts Into Citizens

From outcast to citizen is the programme. It begins generally in one of the society's homes for under fives. It began for Andrew—incidentally one of the hundreds of coloured babies fathered by the United States Army—with Matron Parish looking kindly down at him.

Once a nurse in the famous Great Ormond Street Hospital for children, later district nurse and midwife around Manchester, Miss Parish knows what children want. "Food and warmth above all," is her dictum. "That's why all through life we feel subconsciously kindest towards those who can give us a nice tight feeling in the tummy, and keep us warm. If they can make us laugh at the same time, so much the better. Remember, children always want to feel safe and cosy, as they were in the womb. If they don't feel safe and cosy, well, things happen."

A slight smile is likely to creep out from Miss Parish when she says all this. "You see," she explains, "this is what loving children *really* means; daily attention to practical detail; never, never getting sick of it. Breakfast at eight, nursery school, a 'quiet and happy hour' from four to five, which is story time, then supper, then bed. I tell our girls, the ones who come here to be trained as children's nurses, that this is the job; no sentiment, no delicacies. If they discover it's the grandest job in the world, they are the right type."

What happens to these children ultimately? The suitable ones are adopted. Some are adopted while they are with Miss Parish. Upstairs in her cot in a room so quiet it was startling to discover babies in it, was Susan, thoughtfully contemplating the gathering dusk. It was her last night in a place she will have no memory of, for on the morrow her adopting parents were taking her.

### Boy Who Stayed Behind

But across the room was a five-month-old boy, with an impressive, tall forehead. Potential scientist, writer, artist? He was not adopted; there was a missing signature on the papers of consent, of a father who could not be found. Of the 566 mothers who wrote to the society in 1949 wanting adoption for their babies, 345 subsequently gave their consent.

Yet the adopted are a minority. Mostly around five they move on, either to a branch for older children, or to a branch until arrangements can be made for them to be boarded out. This society, determined to approach as closely as possible to home conditions, strongly believes in the foster-mother system, and has just now 1,850 children so provided for.

But it is not easy to qualify. In addition to needing a strong local recommendation, every foster mother has to be in a position to give each child love, care, training—and a separate bed. She must be fit, not over fifty, cannot have more than four foster children. That is the theory. It works. In a cheering number of cases she becomes to the child very close to the real thing.

This seems the point, to hand on the rest of Andrew's story, as Miss Parish told it. They kept him at Catford beyond the usual age, because he was something of a special case. Then, early this year, actress Margaret Lockwood visited the place. Andrew was photographed with her. Somebody saw the photograph. The result for Andrew is a real home for the first time in his life, with the luxury of a father and mother and white brothers and sisters all to himself.

Miss Parish is far too much of a realist to pretend things always work out to such a perfect Technicolor finish. Children who begin life as nobody's have a way of going on as nobody's. "We have 'old boys' and 'old girls' who really *are* old, to whom we've been 'home' all through their lives—the only one they've ever known. We're proud of it."

But for the most part those who cannot be adopted or boarded out go to a branch which once would have been called a Home. Hambro House, Roehampton, is a good example. Mixed, boys and girls together, with none of the tragic separation of brothers from sisters, which could happen too easily once. Every branch has a local committee; most have a rota of outside "aunts" and "uncles," encouraged to get to know a child, remember its birthday, have it home. This is the cheerful thing. Not all the society's records are sombre case-histories.

The enthusiasm of its supporters, from the Queen to "Mrs. Nevett of Doncaster, who during 1949 raised £186 locally," and the eight-year-old who, writing to the secretary as "Dear Man," sent along his birthday money, is a bright part of the picture. It needs to be. Rising costs can be more than a headache in an organization to which an increase in the price of soap can mean more than £1,000 a year extra to find.

### Mary Lou's Good Deed

There is, for instance, the shining little story of Mary Lou. Riding in London's underground last summer, this American schoolgirl visitor read one of the society's notices: *Hallo, are you looking at me? You look very kind. There are 5,000 of us, and food and clothes cost an awful lot. Please help to make us happy.*

Mary Lou, not for nothing the daughter of a business executive, went straight back to her hotel, rang the secretary. Since then a group in her school, far away across the Atlantic, has worked steadily for the society.

That is the way it lives. Not nationalised or subsidized, the whole thing depends upon voluntary effort, and it has never depended in vain.

But why is it necessary? The sort of thing which happened in the bad old days and led to the formation of the society Miss Parish works for, would not be likely to happen today. Two small brothers, Sunday School members at St. Anne's, Lambeth, abruptly disappeared. When found, the pair had sunk to beggary, cadging food from workers at a neighbouring gasworks. There was a simple explanation: their father had died. The mother, with seven children, preferring independence to the grim workhouse of the time, sent them out to fend for themselves.

No, it wouldn't happen today. Miss Parish agrees with the view that the modern equivalent of the cruder brutalities of former days is mental rather than physical cruelty. To lock a child in a room and forget it can be just as shocking in results as knocking it about. The trouble is that this sort of thing is increasing.

### They Make The Grade

Meanwhile, a naïve pride appears to possess the society in the successful after-histories of so many of its children — nobody's become somebody's. They show you the picture of a clarinettist in the band of a famous regiment. "One of ours," they will say, as though the three words were ample reward for all the men and women who did things for him from babyhood: taught him to hold a spoon, sent him to school, clothed and fed him, typed a whole bulging file-full of letters about him, until he was ready to be a man, somebody with a chance.

"Once upon a time," Miss Parish says, "they used to hand over your keys on a cushion when you began a job like this. It was quite a ceremony, symbolizing the trust you had taken on. I believe that's still the right way of looking at it."

None of that, perhaps, would mean much to Andrew, who darted up the street like an arrow when he saw her waiting for him. The reward of Miss Parish's job is summed up in the words he used then: "I wanted you so much."

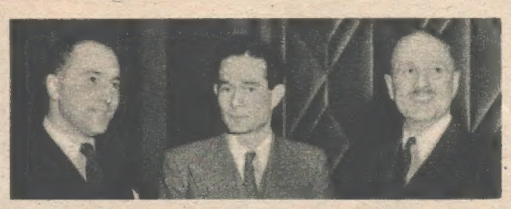
THE END


# STOLEN JOURNEY

***. . . Remarkable escape story of the third man in the Wooden Horse***

"YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM SAGAN," the camp pessimists said. "The Germans have got this place taped." And, indeed, Stalag Luft III, the notorious R.A.F. p.o.w. camp in Germany, seemed impregnable. Yet on October 29, 1943, three men *did* get out of Sagan in the most daring escape of the war—the Wooden Horse tunnel scheme.

The story of two of these men has already been told in



*Wooden Horse escapees: Williams, Codner, Philpot*

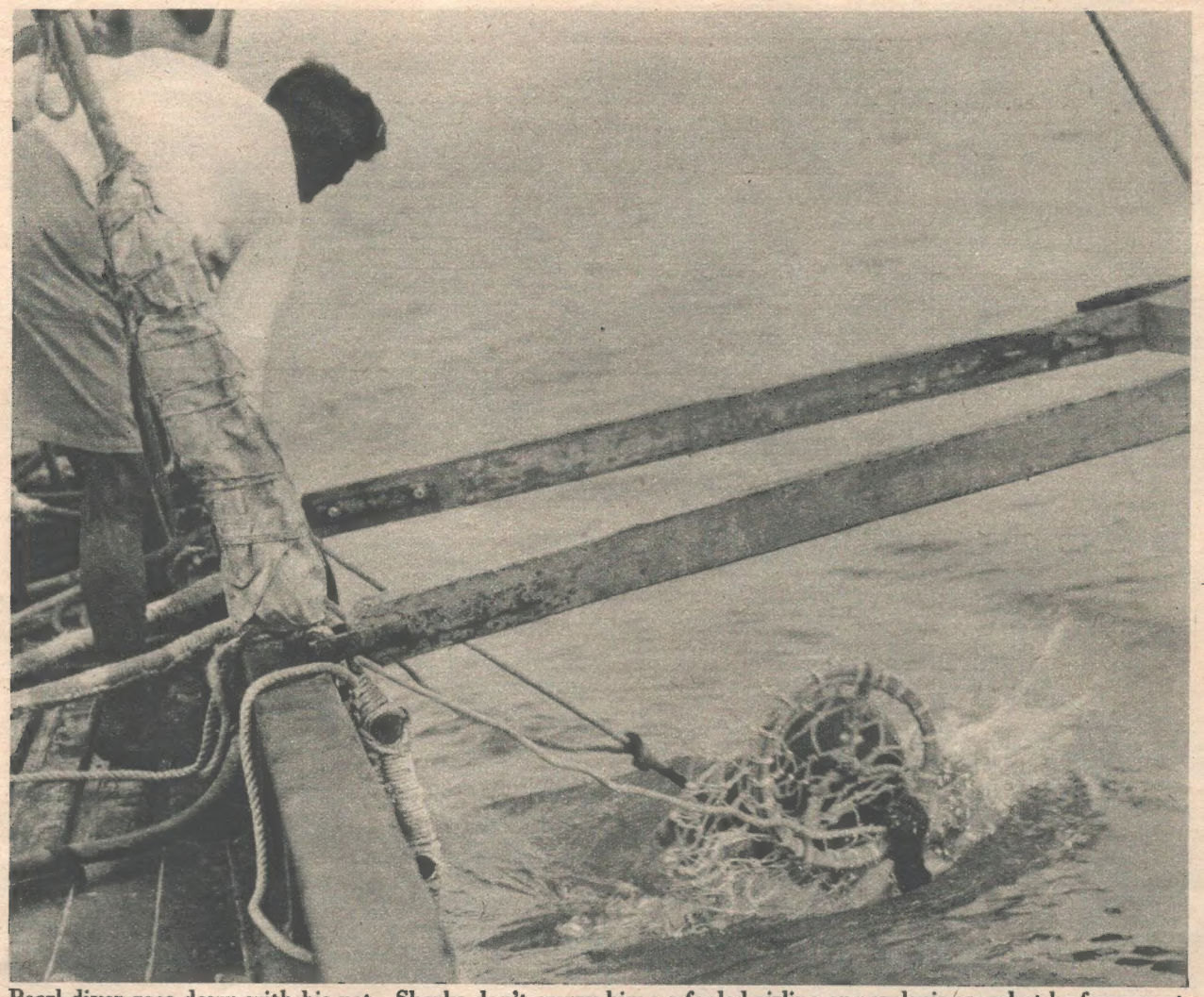
Eric Williams's book, *The Wooden Horse*—an adventure story that has thrilled millions of readers and radio listeners and is shortly to be filmed. But what happened to the third man who got out through the wooden horse?

His real name is Oliver Philpot and he has now written his own story in a brilliant book which is considerably more than a companion volume to *The Wooden Horse*.

It is the most fascinating personal chronicle of "escape" ever written—the story of a man who, for over two years, had lived and hungered for escape from captivity in Norway, Poland and Germany; a man who, when the Wooden Horse tunnel scheme succeeded, preferred to travel alone and was the first to reach freedom from Stalag Luft III.

The book is called *Stolen Journey*. It will be published later in the year by Hodder and Stoughton. The serial version of this unique real-life adventure story . . .

**STARTS EXCLUSIVELY IN JOHN BULL ON MAY 6**



Pearl diver goes down with his net. Sharks don't worry him: a fouled airline or paralysis are what he fears most

# Pearling—toughest of gambles

*by JOHN HETHERINGTON*

**Divers along the Coast of Pearls need fitness and daring to face the hazards. Few men can face it—even for a fortune**

THE BOY STOOPED to the tangle of matted seaweed at the water's edge, snatched up the freakish white cross and raced along the sandy beach to the rakish shack in which he and his father lived on the fringe of the tiny straggling settlement. His father, bleary-eyed and smelling of rum, examined the boy's find.

"Pearls, right enough," he grunted. "Funny-lookin' thing, but it might be worth a few quid."

He jammed his battered cabbage-tree hat on to his head, lurched from the shack, shambled down to the jetty where a lugger was moored. The lugger-master hid his excitement behind a casual shrug, offered to buy the cross for £10—with a bottle of rum thrown in for good measure.

So the "Southern Cross" changed hands for the first time and began a journey to London, where it was eventually sold for £34,000. Tommy Clarke, the fifteen-year-old boy who found the "Southern Cross" on the beach at Baldwin, Western Australia, in the eighties of last century died about eighteen years ago. He never found another pearl of more than trifling worth.

The finding of the "Southern Cross" typifies the luck of the pearling game. The piece was a natural freak: nine conjoined pearls, seven forming a shaft, one forming each arm. Its value lay in its oddity.

It was the chance of making just such a lucky strike as Tommy Clarke's (though precious little good it did him or his father!) that once lured white men from the comforts of life in Australia's temperate south to the crudities of existence in the sub-tropical north. Hungry for adventure and riches, they went in hundreds every year to Australia's coast of pearls.

They nearly all found adventure. Fewer found riches. And those who did wring wealth from the sea were almost invariably hard-headed, hard-working men who realized that a valuable pearl is rare, that the pearl-shell itself offers the chief reward.

In the boom years before the first World War, 500 or so luggers prospected the shallow seas off Australia's northern coast, working out of Thursday Island, Darwin and Broome. They made handsome profits season after season from the cargoes of golden-lip shell they picked from the ocean floor. But today most of the luggers are gone.

After nearly ninety years of vigorous life, the Australian pearling industry, severely wounded in two world wars, is in the doldrums. Only a score of luggers work out of Broome now, a dozen or so from Thursday Island, four or five from Darwin. Yet the wealth is still there.

The pearling-grounds stretch for 3,000 miles, from Shark Bay, Western Australia, to the Great Barrier Reef, off the Queensland coast. They can never be fished out, because the pearl oyster spawns in deep water and the progeny do not drift into shallow water, where divers can reach them, until they are well grown.

As recently as 1935—a typical between-wars year on the coast of pearls—the northern pearling fleet was earning big profits. Two hundred and thirty luggers, employing 2,600 men, worked that year. They brought home £200,000 worth of shell and £10,000 worth of pearls.

### Boom Days Are Gone

It is depressing today to stand on the mangrove-fringed beach of white sand edging Broome's Roebuck Bay and look out across the green waters where once 200 or 300 luggers jostled for harbour-space and, when each season opened in April, raced out under taut sails to be first on the choicest pearling-grounds off Eighty-Mile Beach, Cape Leveque or Cape Baskerville. You would be lucky to see more than a dozen luggers there at any one time now.

The town, a straggle of white-roofed bungalows, shanties and humpies, three hotels, a few shops, lying at the western foot of Dampier Peninsular, between the sea and the desert, has a weary, dejected air.

The wounds inflicted by Japanese raiding aircraft which blitzed the town and harbour in March, 1942, have been patched up, but the buildings demolished by enemy bombs (and also by the hurricanes which never fail to come howling in every year between November and April) have not been replaced. There is no call to replace them.

The population has dwindled to about 1,000: 700 whites and 300 Asiatics. Twenty years ago it was 4,000 in the pearling season, though it diminished by a few hundreds in the monsoon period. Then hurricanes made it impossible for luggers to work, and thrifty members of the Asiatic crews who had not squandered their earnings in the joy-houses of Sheba Lane or the shypoo (sly-grog) joints and gambling dens along the front sailed off to visit their homes in Japan, China, Malaya, the Pacific islands.

Today, Australia's coast of pearls is wide open for exploitation by men of courage, enterprise, new ideas. Between the wars, control of the industry drifted into Asiatic hands. Most white men ceased going to sea; they became "veranda pearlers" and left command of their luggers to the head divers, usually Japanese.

The Japanese have gone now, and Australians do not want them back. Luggers are manned by Koepangers, Malays, Chinese, Manilamen, who are increasingly resentful of white interference, even by the lugger owners themselves. They demand wages and conditions which make pearling unprofitable.

### Call For State Fleet

Some pearlers believe there is only one hope: establishment of an Australian Government fleet of fast modern luggers manned by white men. They admit such a venture might be costly (or yield a handsome profit), but they point out that Australia must control its northern coast for strategic reasons alone.

This is unanswerable. Many of the apparently harmless Japanese luggers which pearled in Australia's northern waters between the wars were skippered by Japanese naval officers. Their chief business was not to find

*Continued on page 20*

The Count had attacked his old servant, Célestin, with a whip. Almost certainly, Célestin hated him bitterly. He had reason to wish him dead

# Case of the astonished wine

**Against anything the police could do, the murderer's alibi was perfect. But one witness he could not answer**

*by W. E. ARMSTRONG*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

"DETECTION," SAID THE young sergeant complacently, "is merely a matter of examining the evidence and thinking hard. The facts are there; the rest depends on knowing how to treat them. The brilliant guesses and infallible intuitions of the classic detectives of fiction would be a waste of time in real life.

"In fiction the author is the master. He knows the beginning as well as the end. He is at once victim and criminal, and in that double rôle can permit himself every sort of exciting extravagance. We can't. We must stick to the facts."

Inspector Vincent Vicq, smoking his pipe by the station fire, gave a little smile. The sergeant had just solved an intricate case and therefore could quite rightly be forgiven his satisfaction.

"Quite right, Aubry," he said. "I'm glad to see you distrust the Sherlock Holmes approach. But the stories of the English sleuth are not so far-fetched as they appear. At least they teach an investigator to keep an open mind."

"It must not be too open," Aubry said critically. "That's just the point I want to make. Evidence must not be made an excuse for mental pyrotechnics. Evidence is an instrument with very limited uses. It is our job to find out what those uses are. And remember that Sherlock Holmes was, so to speak, a victim of his time. His creator *had* to make him a man of encyclopaedic knowledge and superhuman perceptions, because, by modern standards, police methods were pitifully primitive. Nowadays, we simply send the ash and the dust to the police laboratory, and we get the answer in a few hours. Blood grouping, fingerprints, radio and the X-ray have made a man like Holmes not only unnecessary but positively incredible. Even were such a thing possible, no policeman need know as much as he."

"Agreed again," said Vicq. "But I still maintain that luck can play a vital part in investigation. One of the most intractable cases I ever had to do with was solved simply because I myself happened to have been born in a village situated on a small hill which had a loamy soil and a southern aspect. Had my parents been, let us say, Parisians, one more murderer would have gone scot-free."

"That sounds like pure Sherlock Holmes," said Durand, the station clerk, as he looked up from his desk.

"Not pure Holmes, perhaps," Vicq smiled, "but very nearly. Of course, it was all years ago. Had the Comte de Sobe been murdered last week, then Aubry, with his precision methods, would no doubt have the criminal behind bars already."

"Come on, Inspector," said Durand, closing his typewriter and coming over to the fire, "let's have the yarn."

"If Sergeant Aubry will not be too irritated. . . ."

"Fire away," said the sergeant cheerfully. "One's never too young to learn."

"The place and personalities," began the inspector, as he filled his pipe, "must seem deplorably romantic in 1950; but I assure you that

*Continued on page 27*

# What jobs for problem daughters?

**Even untrained girls can be found the right ones. And the old idea that domestic work is degrading is dying fast** *by IAN BEVAN*

Miss Hilton interviews a job-seeker. Marriage may be the best career but it has occupational risks

SHE WALKED UP the narrow, twisting staircase of an old and rather shabby building in London's Brompton Road. Her fur coat was obviously pre-war, but just as obviously it had cost a pretty penny when it was new. Her bearing was of a person used to an assured social background, but something about her manner spoke of anxiety and distress.

The briskly efficient girl in the office at the head of the stairs placed her at once. "You've come about employment?" she asked.

"Why, yes. I don't know what I can do, but I need——" The girl cut her short. "I'll make an appointment for you with our interviewer," she said. This was a common problem—a problem which many people think no longer exists—the problem of the untrained woman who suddenly finds herself compelled to earn a living.

Miss Irene Hilton, organizing secretary of the Women's Employment Federation, sees hundreds of them every year—hundreds of women of all ages with only one thing in common. They are all unprepared for the battle into which circumstances have thrust them. The woman in the fur coat was just one among many—so many that the federation's appointment book is generally filled for days ahead. Born and brought up in a comfortable, upper middle-class world, she had learned to speak French, knew how to arrange flowers to their best advantage, and could set a formal dinner table to perfection.

### Wives Who Cannot Earn

These were talents which came in useful when she married a business man who gave her a comfortable house and took her on holiday trips to Paris; but they didn't make an impressive list of assets when he died from coronary occlusion, leaving a string of debts and no money to pay them with. "What can I do?" she asked Miss Hilton tearfully. "I'm forty-five. I've never learned anything like typing. Would anyone give me a job?"

Cases like this make Miss Hilton regret sometimes that she has to see each individual privately, for there are still fathers who come to her office and use the old argument that "it's no use training my daughter to earn her own living, because she'll soon have a husband to keep her."

"Perhaps marriage is the best career for a girl," says Miss Hilton, "but it's a career with occupational risks just the same as anything else. If only these fathers could sit in my office and meet some of the people who come in for advice. Even then, they'd probably never believe that it could happen to their daughters."

Fathers, she is quick to add, have no monopoly of reactionary views. Mothers can be just as old-fashioned, and even more so. Very often it is the father who says, "I'm determined my daughter shall be able to stand on her own feet," and the mother who argues, "But a girl's place is in the home."

The Women's Employment Federation is a unique, non-profit group which was started in 1933 by representatives of university appointment boards, women's societies, professional organizations, colleges and schools. They gave their new group the jaw-breaking name of "The National Federation of Organizations concerned with the Employment and Training of Educated Women." Fortunately for all concerned, this was soon simplified to the shorter W.E.F. title, but the full name provided a good outline of what they were aiming at.

### The First Women Welders

Actually the roots go much further back than 1933, for the W.E.F. grew out of the London and National Society for Women's Service, which was the non-militant side of the suffrage movement. In the first World War this society stopped fighting for the vote, and concentrated on finding ways in which women could help fight the war. Its members infiltrated into many branches of British industry where women had never worked before. Some were among the first women acetylene welders.

Although many jobs were available to women before 1914, it was the war which opened the floodgates for their entry into the male economic world. After the war, men came back to their old jobs and the women who had replaced them were left with nothing to do. The London and National Society saw the continued need for the special employment bureau which it had started, and, as it grappled with the problems of civilian resettlement, it also saw a new need. The war had left thousands of women without menfolk to support them. What was wanted was not only an employment bureau for trained women but guidance for the untrained.

So the society started giving advice. This was the chrysalis from which the W.E.F. finally emerged—with the twin aims of persuading girls that it is wise to have some professional or technical training even if they never have to use it, and of seeing that they don't train for jobs without prospects. During the second World War, when it did much to help women find ways of serving their country, the federation was honoured by being given the patronage of the Queen.

The people who seek help are of all ages. Mrs. K—— H—— was a middle-aged widow from the first World War, who in the twenties had settled down with her son in Spain and made a pleasant life painting and catering for tourists. Mother and son were among the last English people evacuated from Barcelona in the civil war, and arrived in England with no tangible assets except their clothes. The mother found her way to the W.E.F., wrote down her list of talents (which, although she didn't say so, included the ability to cook the most delicious *paella* a gourmet would be likely to find outside of Spain) and hoped for the best.

### Just The Thing For Her

For this unconventional person, the W.E.F. found an unconventional job—working with a firm which was trying to raise standards of public taste in funeral monuments. They wanted someone to talk to clients who was middle-aged, artistic and "clearly a lady." Here was the very woman. On the W.E.F.'s advice she also studied book-keeping and typing, which helped her to get her next job—book-keeper to a firm of civil engineers where the three elderly partners soon came to look on her as their "right-hand man."

Soon after the war started, she

asked the W.E.F. for help in transferring to work of more direct national importance. By now she had sufficient training and experience to take a post that was offered as personal assistant to a senior technical official in a Government department. Today, she is overseas with a Government mission, earning about £800 a year plus expenses—living proof of the fact that it's never too late to start on a career if you seize opportunities as they come.

At the other end of the age scale was Beatrice L——, a sensitive, intelligent girl who had done extremely well at school, where she had been a prefect and become accustomed to a high degree of self-discipline. At her own wish, she started nursing. Unfortunately, she struck a hospital where the matron was one of the rare, but still surviving, specimens of the old school who believe that you have to be tough on probationers to turn them into good nurses.

Beatrice and the matron were at daggers drawn almost from the first day, and at the end of a year Beatrice was discharged with the most unfavourable report the matron could find it within her vocabulary to write. The girl, herself, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and her parents sought the advice of their family doctor. "Forget all about nursing, and take up office work," he said.

### Career Must Suit Talents

Beatrice's former headmistress heard about this and asked the W.E.F. for help. Interviews convinced Miss Hilton that the inflammable combination of girl and matron had been to blame, and that the girl herself was good material. Local authorities were persuaded to make a grant so that she could study social science. Now she is about to start as a hospital almoner, a career much better suited to her talents and temperament than an office job.

Any girl who tells Miss Hilton that the only career she wants is marriage earns the firm reply: "I hope you will get married, but"—and here there is a long, searching look which emphasizes the point—"you can't depend on it. In any case," Miss Hilton will add, just in case the girl thinks her natural charms have been scornfully disregarded in this estimate of her marriage chances, "a great many married women play an important part in public life. Marriage needn't mean the end of a career."

Two wars have made a big difference in the general middle-class attitude towards jobs for women, she finds. These days, few fathers can think of keeping their daughters in idleness indefinitely. The idea that a girl should be able to do "something" has been accepted even in the highest income groups, but the trouble is that parents often have only a hazy idea of what that "something" should be.

There are still many people, in Miss Hilton's experience, who consider they have given their daughters adequate "training" by sending them to domestic science classes for six months, or to so-called finishing schools where they learn enough French to read the Paris edition of *Vogue*, and enough cookery to make a cake for a party. It needs good training to earn good money. Girls may dream of glamorous jobs in film studios or beauty parlours, but there, as everywhere, it is plain Jane with the training who has it all over beautiful Betty with no abilities.

Miss Hilton preaches the gospel of training to everyone she can persuade to listen. A large part of her job is propaganda, though she dislikes the term and prefers to call it "distributing information." She speaks to clubs, schools, professional organizations and conferences, operating on a high-pressure schedule which would daunt most men.

Frequently her speeches are reported in the Press, and inevitably each report is followed by a stream of correspondence from parents congratulating her, or telling her just how little she knows. Most of the correspondence is at least friendly, even if it is argumentative, but she can never be sure when someone is going to be carried away by his feelings. After one recent spate of publicity, she received a telephone call from an unidentified man which she felt sure was going to end in a stream of abuse.

"Did you say parents ought to train their daughters to earn a living?" asked the anonymous male voice.

"Certainly," she replied.

"You're quite right," he agreed, much to Miss Hilton's surprise. "But people have been saying that for years. Why don't you also tell parents they should train sons to look after themselves in the house? After all, men are no more certain to get married than women. My son's only thirteen, and he's going to be an engineer, but his mother's taught him how to cook and he'll be glad of it."

That is another point of view which needs an active propagandist to put it over, but Miss Hilton feels she has enough on her hands without taking on a second campaign. "All the same, I agree with him," she says. "Whatever the future holds for us—man or woman—we should all be capable of independence if need be."

Miss Hilton's own career started with her enlightened North Country father who, even in Edwardian days, was a passionate believer in women's independence. At school she showed an aptitude for science, so she was sent to Liverpool University where she studied biology. Eventually she became a university lecturer in the biological sciences, and in the depression years she found herself part of a system which was turning out scores of women scientists for whom there was no possible hope of employment.

This struck her scientific mind as an untidy state of affairs, and she looked around for a possible solution. The only organization she could find which seemed worried about it was the W.E.F., and gradually she became more and more absorbed in the federation's activities until she resigned from academic work to take a full-time job with them. The problems she is called on to cope with are varied. Here, for instance, are three cases she dealt with in a recent morning.

**Housework or typing? Derby schoolgirls listen to Miss Hilton lecture**

First, there was a young woman, just divorced from her husband. She was twenty-nine, had a university training in history and philosophy, spoke fluent German and fairly good French, but had no practical abilities such as shorthand. She had to earn her living straight away as there were no relatives she could turn to for help.

Second, there was a public schoolgirl of seventeen, whose once well-to-do father had been seriously ill for two years. She wanted to contribute to the family's income as soon as possible, so that her education would not be a drain on her father's dwindling resources.

Third, there was a mother seeking advice on her daughter's future. The girl seemed unable to decide on any suitable career although the time to start training was drawing near.

The young divorcee was the most urgent case. Fortunately, she was an eminently sensible person with no illusions about her prospects. "I'd like to be a mannequin," she said, but added with a smile, "I suppose that's an overcrowded profession."

"Indeed it is," she was told, "and, frankly, I think you could do better. The best thing we can do is to help you find a modest job during the day to keep the pot boiling while you study shorthand and typing by night. Then, with your languages, you should be able to hold a good secretarial job in an import-export firm."

### Girls Who Want To Help

The second case was the charming girl with an excellent school record and the praiseworthy motive of wanting to help her invalid father. Obviously her chances of making a career would be greatly improved if she continued as a student for another three or four years, and this point was put to her as strongly as possible. "Girls often realize the struggle it has been for their family to keep them at school," says Miss Hilton, "and they tend to rush into the first job they can find at seventeen or eighteen. I try to persuade them to take the long-term view. The family can most probably afford to do without their help for a while longer, and it will be to everybody's advantage in the long run."

But this girl was adamant. Her father had kept her for seventeen years, given her an expensive education, and now it was her turn to do something for him.

"Whoever said that parents make all the sacrifices?" asks Miss Hilton. "I see cases every week of children making tremendous sacrifices for their parents. If this girl had been in the least selfish, she would have carried on with professional training after leaving school. Her father was able to pay and wanted her to have it. But she knew this might mean his having extra worry and less comfort, so she wouldn't hear of it."

Miss Hilton found the girl an opening with a big industrial firm where there was a personnel officer who would keep an eye on her and make sure she did not stagnate in a dead-end job—an enlightened view which the W.E.F. wishes was more common.

The third case, of the mother with a problem daughter, quickly turned, under experienced questioning, into that of a daughter with a problem mother. "It's so difficult," the mother confided. "All I want for my daughter is that she should be happy. Of course, she must be trained to do something, but nothing I suggest seems to interest her."

"And what about the things she suggests for herself?" asked Miss Hilton. "Oh, they're all quite unsuitable," said the mother.

### Mother-Daughter Conflict

Here was an instance—as Miss Hilton had suspected—of a parent wanting the child to be happy, but only so long as the child did exactly what the parent said. Her treatment was to soothe the mother, and arrange to see the daughter privately. Then followed a series of discreet manoeuvres aimed at launching the daughter on a course of training which would interest her, and perhaps take her away to a residential training school. Emotional conflict between mother and daughter was reaching a dangerous pitch and it was even more important, in Miss Hilton's view, to resolve this problem than it was to find the daughter the ideal job.

Once, she recalls, two fathers came in with their daughters on the same morning. The first father had a daughter who was a practical girl

*Continued on page 31*

M.C.C. members watching play from the famous Long Room at Lord's. Often lashed with criticism, the club continues its imperturbable reign

# The fabulous M.C.C.

*by ERIC BENNETT*

**It's the autocrat of cricket and the hardest club in the world to get into. All bow to its ruling—yet it still governs by no right at all**

IF YOU RECEIVE A LETTER from the House of Lords there is nothing to distinguish it from more plebeian correspondence but the modest, embossed seal on the flap of the envelope. But a letter from the Marylebone Cricket Club is different. On the front of the envelope, in heavy black type, is printed the word IMPORTANT. And underneath is inscribed the source of the importance: Lord's Cricket Ground.

A social historian might well argue that the Lord's at St. John's Wood wields a greater influence in the British Commonwealth of Nations than the Lords at Westminster; and there are certainly thousands who would rather be elected to the M.C.C. than elevated to the peerage. With a membership of more than 7,000, the M.C.C. remains the most exclusive and most sought-after club in London, and by its aristocratic and arbitrary assumption of overlordship in cricket has established an authority not enjoyed by any other body in the world of sport.

If to the humble spectator in the Tavern the members of Marylebone who forsake the splendours of the Long Room at Lord's and venture into the early summer sun in front of the pavilion appear somewhat over-venerable and considerably more staid than their red-and-yellow ties, there are good reasons. Apart from the handful of first-class amateur cricketers who are elected each year, the junior members of the M.C.C. are already middle-aged.

Once upon a time, members of the aristocracy entered their sons for Eton and the M.C.C. on the day of birth. But in the first World War it was ruled that a boy could not be put on the waiting list for M.C.C. membership before the age of fourteen. After that he is lucky if he is elected within the next dozen years. It used to take longer. The late Lord Derby was delighted when he became a member thirty-two years after he had put his name down.

The size of membership has crept upwards in the last hundred years from 562 to the present 7,000-odd, and there is still an enormous waiting list, although recently it has been considerably reduced. Before the war there was a backlog of 16,000 candidates for election. Sometimes, when a check is made on the waiting list, hundreds of potential members have died, and others have just disappeared. Sixteen years ago the M.C.C. wrote to 3,066 candidates for election who had been entered between 1901 and 1908. Of these 614 wanted to take up membership and 176 did not; 314 had died and the other 1,962 could not be traced.

### Once In, They Stay

A man who has survived the passing years of waiting has become settled in his way of life long before he can settle into a member's seat at Lord's. But when he does settle he seems to become endowed, if not with immortality, at least with abnormal longevity. The senior member of the M.C.C., a Mr. Hamilton, was elected more than seventy years ago. Recently, Sir Pelham Warner—the great "Plum" of England and Middlesex—who became a member in 1892, asked about his seniority, and was told he was not in the first hundred.

Young blood is supplied by the amateurs of university and county standard, who may be elected after playing a number of qualifying matches over a period of several seasons. Such men used to come even younger in the old days. "Plum" Warner was elected to the M.C.C. when he was a schoolboy at Rugby. Young blood is also represented by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is president of the M.C.C., and practises the art of bowling on the sporting surfaces of village greens.

At the anniversary dinner in May, when the Duke's term of office expires, he will nominate his successor. This has been the privilege of M.C.C. presidents since 1841, and the name of the new president is always kept a closely guarded secret until the last minute. The committee is told the name by the president at the meeting immediately before the dinner. The ordinary members do not know who their new president will be until they see him take his seat at the top table on the right of the Chair. Because he is serving with the Fleet in the Mediterranean, the Duke of Edinburgh will this year send his nomination of the next president to his substitute in the Chair, and the traditional secrecy will be maintained.

Secrecy and its modern political counterpart, "security," play a big part in the management of club and sporting affairs, and it is as astonishing as it is refreshing to listen to those who knew Lord's in the days when it was run by "Perkino." Perkino was Henry Perkins, the bearded, bluff, forthright secretary of the M.C.C. from 1876 to 1897. Into his secretarial office would wander Ernest Ward, of *The Times,* and Perkino would hand him, quite casually, a piece of paper, which Ward would as casually inspect. It was the newly picked Test team!

In these days when Test matches can cause an international crisis, that sort of thing would rank with stealing the terms of an unsigned treaty. But Perkino, as he was always known at Lord's, lived in a more spacious era. "We were never cluttered up with selection committees," he once said. "Gilbert"—Perkino was one of the very few men who always called W. G. Grace by his second Christian name—"Gilbert and I used to pick the Test team between us—and we never got beaten then."

### Aristocratic Traditions

Perkino had decided views of his own. Once when a member declared that the pick of all the matches played at Lord's was Gentlemen v. Players, Perkins rounded on him: "Nonsense. The best match at Lord's is M.C.C. v. Bucks."

The presidency of the Duke of Edinburgh is in keeping with the aristocratic traditions of the M.C.C. Although the name of Lord's does not come from any connection with the peerage, but from that of Thomas Lord, the first owner of the ground, the club owes its origin to the ninth Earl of Winchilsea and the fourth Duke of Richmond. These two noblemen were members of the White Conduit Club, a social organization which varied the indoor pastime of gambling with the outdoor sport of cricket. Lord was employed at the club as a professional bowler and attendant.

In 1786 they suggested to Lord that he should put down a new

ground and that they would guarantee him against loss. He did so at Marylebone field, the present site of Dorset Square, and at the end of the 1787 season the White Conduit Club merged with the newly formed Marylebone Cricket Club. The very next year, the M.C.C. felt so sure of itself that it revised the laws of cricket, and from that day to this none has questioned its authority as supreme arbiter of the game.

Sir Pelham Warner has written: "The question is often asked 'By what right do the M.C.C. govern cricket?' and the answer is 'By no right at all, for there is no "constitution" or legal instrument, but by long established custom and with the ready acceptance and consent of cricketers the world over. The policy of the club is to advise, guide, direct—but never dictate. They reign, but do not rule.'"

### Its Rakish Early Days

The early days of the M.C.C. were neither particularly profitable nor reputable. By 1832 there were only 200 members, and the crowds at Lord's, which was moved to its present site in 1814, included hundreds of bookmakers who made bets on results, individual scores, the fall of wickets and every aspect of the game. The president in 1826 was Lord Frederick Beauclerk, a Doctor of Divinity and the best all-round cricketer of his day, who reckoned to make £600 a year out of cricket matches in side-bets and stakes. Charges of bribery and trickery were common. In 1817, William Lambert, the first man ever to score a century in each innings of a match, was warned off for "selling the game by not playing at his best" for England v. Notts.

The golden age of the M.C.C. began in 1863 when Robert Fitzgerald was appointed honorary secretary. By the time he retired in 1876, the membership had been raised from 625 to 2,080, the freehold of Lord's had been bought for £18,333, and the secretaryship had become so important that it was made a full time, paid job. The present secretary, Colonel R. S. Rait Kerr, was appointed in 1936 at a salary of £750 with a house, the freehold of which belongs to the club, and with rates and taxes paid.

### Exclusive—But Not Dear

As the club grew, its finances also grew, but it is still the cheapest of all the exclusive clubs. The entrance fee remains at the £5 to which it was raised in 1888 and only the most recent members have been asked to subscribe more than the long-standing £3 a year. Apart from the profit on cricket tours, which the club first began to sponsor in 1903, the M.C.C. has always been able to tap its long waiting list when ready cash is wanted. Thus in 1888 one hundred life members were elected at £100 each and the money went towards the present pavilion, which was put up in 1890 at a cost of £21,000. And in 1900 another two hundred life members, this time at £200 a man, were elected to pay for the Mound Stand.

Rebuilding at Lord's is always conservative, because the club does not want to blot out the trees and destroy the still semi-rural aspect of the ground. Present plans include enlarging the small stand between the pavilion and the grand stand and the building of a new war memorial library on the site of the old rackets court. The present library in the pavilion contains every book published on cricket, including some rarities such as Boxall's *Primer of Instruction on Cricket*, published in 1801 and dedicated to the St. Mary-le-Bone Club.

The famous Long Room, which stretches for more than 100 feet between the two towers of the pavilion and from its windows gives members the best of all views of the pitch, is also a cricket art gallery. Portraits of the cricketing great, dominated by W. G. Grace, majestic in upright stance and brown boots, are varied by cricketing scenes through the ages. It is here that the great from all walks of life take refreshment while they watch or do not watch the cricket.

To the initiated Lord's is home of tennis as well as cricket; not the green grass kind they play at Wimbledon, but real or royal tennis, the court game which has been played since Chaucer's time. The M.C.C. court was built in 1839. The Lord's rackets court is now little used, but the squash rackets courts are frequented by members.

Neither Lord's nor the M.C.C. is mentioned in the telephone book. But Lord's has three numbers on the Cunningham exchange; one for the pavilion, one for the tennis court, and one for the hotel. The hotel means the catering department, which functions as a separate entity under control of the M.C.C., and is responsible among other things for keeping the famous Tavern open all the year round.

The M.C.C. has often been lashed with criticism, but one of the most furious attacks launched at the catering department appeared in a sporting journal under the signature of Albert Trott, a great cricketer and the only man ever to hit a ball over the pavilion at Lords. Albert had been persuaded to sign a regular column, which was written by an ex-parson. One day appeared this comment: "The catering arrangements at Lord's are a disgrace. Yesterday the beer ran out, and not only did it run out, but it ran out before lunch. . . ."

Sir Francis Lacey, the secretary, sent for Trott. "You know, Albert, we can't have this," he said. "You cannot be a servant of the club and criticize it in print."

"I know nothing at all about it," said Albert.

"Well, it is printed under your name."

"I know nothing about it," repeated Albert doggedly.

"Well," said Sir Francis with a twinkle—he knew that Trott could never have written a paragraph, much less a column—"don't let it happen again. You had better give up journalism. Anyway, it isn't true. The beer did not run out."

A member who saw Trott's most famous six hit told me that earlier in the innings Albert had put a couple of "sighters" into the pavilion. Then, when he made the great swipe, he put his bat behind him, squatted on it like a shooting stick, and shaded his eyes with his hands, slowly rising on to his toes as the ball disappeared over the pavilion.

Albert was a bit of a comedian, but he was not trying to be funny when he figured in another incident at Lord's. Middlesex was playing Kent and it was a tight finish. Trott hit an enormous skier off Blythe, then wandered down the pitch and stared up at the ball with his mouth open. The catch was dropped—but the ball was snatched from the ground, flung to the wicket-keeper and Trott was run out!

"Why on earth did you do that?" asked Warner, the Middlesex captain. "I just wanted to see whether Charlie could catch it," answered Trott simply.

### It Survives All Attacks

The catering department has survived and repudiated the criticisms of the pseudo-Trott and is now one of the most flourishing of the Lord's institutions. Administratively, the M.C.C. has become an efficient and departmentalized organization. Colonel Rait Kerr has two assistant secretaries, R. Aird for cricket and tennis and J. G. Dunbar for administration. There is the cricket office which looks after fixtures; the ticket office which deals with passes, tickets and members' subscriptions; the printing office which supplies score cards as well as all other printed matter; the works department which looks after the buildings and the club's properties adjacent to Lord's.

Apart from running its own affairs, the M.C.C. is always busy in the cause of cricket. The Board of Control for Test Matches, which appoints the selectors, is run by the club in conjunction with members from the ten leading counties in the previous year's championship. The Advisory County Cricket Committee consists of representatives of all the first-class counties, three minor county representatives and sits under an M.C.C. chairman. The M.C.C. runs all tours abroad, and appoints delegates to the Imperial Cricket Conference.

Critics of the M.C.C.'s blimpishness were pleasantly surprised last year when the club elected twenty-six of our greatest cricket professionals to membership for "their outstanding services to the game." Members, who pride themselves on their friendly relations with the professionals, were mildly astonished at the warm, if staggered, welcome given to this innovation by the Press. The professionals themselves were delighted.

### Can Laugh At Itself

As the older members pass on, the "characters" at Lord's become less exciting. There are few to take the place of Sir Edward Chandos Leigh, K.C., who would swagger in wearing a grey bowler with an I Zingari ribbon on it tilted forward on to his nose, sit in the pavilion and watch the cricket while talking the whole time about law. But the atmosphere remains as ageless as the figure of Father Time on the Lord's weather-vane. And if the M.C.C. can sometimes seem pompous, its members know how to laugh it off.

There is a classic but little-known story of the 1920s of how, after a long and inconclusive committee meeting, the Lord Chancellor of the day rose and said ponderously: "Well, gentlemen, I'm afraid I must go back to the House of Lords." Whereupon John Daniell, then captain of Somerset and sometime England selector for both cricket and rugby, rose, too, and said: "Well, gentlemen, and *I'm* afraid I must now go back to Taunton."

THE END

Col. Rait Kerr (right) with R. Aird. Policy point or ticket problem?

Fred Lexster points out the mark of an Abbotsbury swan. Without it, the bird would be the King's property

# Guardian of Swan City

*by DENNIS HOLMAN*

**Fred Lexster's swans are both beautiful and murderous. They can laugh, groan, snort and bark. But the swan song is just a myth**

IT IS JUST AFTER breakfast and Fred Lexster is tramping from the Dorset village of Abbotsbury, down past the great twelfth-century tithe barn, to the head of the Fleet, a strip of lagoon extending from Abbotsbury to Portland and separated from the sea by a curious breakwater of stone and rock ten miles long. This spot is known to bird-watchers all over the world. For centuries it has been the home of over a thousand swans.

Lexster is the swanherd. He unlocks the door of his domain and throws it open with a magnificent gesture. "The Swannery," he says, "as it was when the monks owned it ten centuries ago." Lexster is used to visitors; 21,000 came to the swannery last summer. He continues with ease and fluency:

"With the dissolution of the monasteries this unique and beautiful sanctuary came into the possession of Sir Giles Strangewaies, a forbear of the present Lord Ilchester. It has been part of the family estate ever since. . . ."

Lexster leads the way up a path that runs along with the millstream through bamboo clumps and an old-fashioned garden, to the swan city of reed nests extending along the shore. Atop every reed pile is a snow-white, long-necked S, with another on guard nearby. There must be 600 to 700 birds.

There is a sudden hissing behind Lexster, and a large male approaches with wings outstretched, like a furious archangel.

The swanherd moves quickly. "Keep away from those wings," he says. "I've seen them crumple up a galvanized metal bucket." He is crouching like a wrestler before the outraged cob.

"The knack of catching a swan," Lexster adds, without taking his eyes off it, "is to get it by the wing the first time—and don't miss. . . ." Suddenly he grabs, and with a quick pull is behind it, grappling it to his chest. The swan wriggles helplessly. Lexster holds out the wings. The span from tip to tip is nine feet.

People write to Lexster from all over the world. They ask about the swan. Naturalists consult him. The B.B.C. have invited him seventeen times to talk about his charges. Few men are better qualified to do so, for Lexster has fed and tended, nursed, doctored, lived with and observed them for twenty-six years.

"The story of the swan," he tells, "begins in the spring, when the young bird is looking for a mate. . . ."

Spring is by far the best time to watch the swans, when they are at their loveliest, gliding over the water like proud galleons, necks curving, wings half raised to form translucent "baskets" of purest white.

If two swans live together and move in the water as one they can be taken to be a mated pair. But in the breeding season this affinity is intensified: it is impossible to say whether the pen is following the cob, or cob the pen.

Mates turn as one, flick their tails as one, dip bills in the water and lift their heads in the same movement, nodding to each other and gradually approaching until their long necks touch and sometimes entwine.

Towards the end of April they come up the beach at the swannery in pairs, stalking ponderously through the long grass. The cob, with great ceremony, paces out his claim, ten yards or so on either side of the chosen site. For this piece of ground he makes himself personally responsible, waddling slowly round his boundary "showing the flag," his body in full plumage, his neck arched.

### Designed For Floods

Both birds build the nest, the pen working on the site, the cob foraging farther afield for reeds and grass, which he gathers into a pile and pushes over to the site. The finished nest measures three feet across and two feet high; it is designed to float in a flood.

Soon the whole aspect of the swannery changes. A swan city of maybe 300 nests has grown up in the grass, with the pens in occupation, heads tucked under their wings, and law and order being maintained by a ceaseless patrolling of the cobs.

Swans make devoted couples; they mate for life, returning to the same nest year after year, until the cob is too old to fight for it, and the site is taken over by a younger bird.

"My grandfather remembers pairs mating for forty years and more," Lexster adds. "Swans are long lived. They have been known to live more than a century."

If the pen dies the cob remains single, developing a violent dislike for any amorous pens who might try to catch his fancy. He spends his remaining nesting seasons on Bachelors' Beach, a stretch of sand occupied by the bachelors of the flock—the too old and the not yet old enough.

"A few years ago," Lexster says, "we sent a beautiful young pen for a cob in a park whose mate had died at the opening of the nesting season. Instead of taking her, he killed her. He loved only one and would have no other."

A pair used to nest behind one of the enclosures at the swannery. The pen died, but every year the cob would return, build up the nest again, and sit waiting, hoping she would come back.

### Always On Guard

Six to nine eggs constitute a clutch, which takes six weeks to hatch. During that time the cob is a dutiful husband, taking an occasional turn on the eggs, but always on guard, ready to "busk" to his full height, with wings outstretched, beak open, hissing and trumpeting; or attack, if necessary, with stabbing beak and powerful wing punches that could break a man's leg.

Even for an expert like Lexster the job is not without hazard; a cob once struck him from behind, on the fleshy part of the arm—it was numb for days.

All cygnets born at the swannery

are marked on the left foot before they are two days old; it is necessary for a private breeder to establish ownership, as an ancient law decrees that every unmarked swan in the land belongs to the King.

Cygnets eat nothing until they are two days old, when the mother escorts her brood to shallow water and teaches them to feed. Their natural food is zostera grass, a weed which grows in the brackish upper reaches of the Fleet.

These feeding grounds are also claimed as exclusive property; swans need *lebensraum*. "Once," Lexster remembers, "two cobs fought for a stretch of water. One was killed. But the winner adopted the bereaved family, and the combined broods with both pens stayed together until the cygnets were old enough to fly and were driven off by the cob to join the herd. What happened to the widow pen? Well, she flew into the dusk. We never saw her again."

### Cygnets Change Colour

Fourteen months pass before a sooty-coloured cygnet acquires its pure white plumage; two years before its bill matures to the bright orange colour; and the cob takes three or four years to become an adult and develop the large knob on the bill which indicates his sex.

He will stay on Bachelors' Beach until old enough to battle for the nesting sites and breed. If the swan city is crowded he will look for an elderly tenant he thinks he can lick, and fight for the site.

A few cobs never find mates and remain bachelors all their lives. On rare occasions Lexster has known two bachelor cobs to strike up a friendship which matures into something as deep and enduring as that between cob and pen.

"I've seen pairs of cobs come up during nesting time," he says, "and build a nest and stay there for the period." These relationships last for years, until the nest is lost to a younger bird and the male friends retire to Bachelors' Beach.

By autumn, parents, cygnets and unattached have formed into flocks floating here and there on the water, or piling up on the beach like snow drifts. The birds are getting restless, and bird-watchers come to hear, if they are fortunate, one of the most impressive sounds in nature—swan music, the humming and thudding of wings, like horses galloping on hard ground, of a flock of swans taking to the air.

Watch just one swan taking off, its feet walking the surface, its wing-tips slapping the water, its quills twanging like zither strings as the great white bird becomes airborne.

The flocks fly down the Fleet. Some swans go to winter haunts on lakes and rivers inland. And three or four broods of adolescent cygnets are left behind in wire-netting enclosures fattening for the table. The swan is only palatable if it is eaten young and fat. It tastes of wild duck, but is no longer a popular dish; the turkey supplanted it on the table more than four centuries ago.

"What thousands of people want to know," says Lexster, "is whether I have ever heard the swan song—the old legend being that the swan, silent all its life, bursts into song just before it dies.

"First, the swan song is a myth. Second, the mute swan, as it is called, is by no means the dumb blonde it's been taken to be for centuries. It grunts, groans, snorts, barks, hisses, trumpets. Occasionally it says something like 'Herbert, Herbert!' It even laughs." But most of the calls are of such low frequency it is likely they were never heard until Ludwig Koch recorded them for the B.B.C.

### Recording Swan Calls

Koch, Lexster remembers, spent a whole summer on the job. He lived at a nearby hotel, but few people ever saw him there—he would be out before dawn and back after midnight. Most of that time was spent at the swannery, with headphones on, waiting to tune in his recording apparatus the moment he picked up a call that was loud enough.

One morning he heard a scuffle in the reeds, spotted a cygnet being attacked by a greater black-backed gull, and rushed to the rescue. The gull turned on the rescuer, dashing at him with beak and claws. He beat it off and came back with his face scratched, and bleeding from a gash near the eye. But Koch was triumphant. He was carrying the cygnet, safe and sound.

Lexster's swans are not confined, as most of the birds are, to park lakes, with the first wing joint broken to prevent their flying away. Abbotsbury swans can go where they like, though most of them live on the Fleet all the year round.

Lexster has a serious winter responsibility. His charges mingle with wild duck and sometimes get into the line of fire of sporting guns. He has to tend them, doctor their ills—stoppages in the neck are fairly common, and pneumonia accounts for about forty deaths a year; once he had to remove a septic wing, and the swan lived on for years without it.

Very cold weather does not do the swans any good. They come up the Fleet to the swannery to shelter in the reeds. If they survive chills and pneumonia they are still an easy prey on land to the fox. During the great frost of 1881 the Fleet was frozen over for six weeks. The following spring only one mating pair remained to build a nest and breed.

Lexster's job has brought him into contact with the great. Twenty-three years ago Pavlova came with a notebook to study the movements of the mating swans' dance. Epstein, H. G. Wells, H. de Vere Stackpool, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Derby, the Marquis of Zetland, royalty, all have come to Abbotsbury to see the swans.

Once, escorting Neville Chamberlain, Lexster fell into the mill stream and had the pleasure of being fished out by the Prime Minister himself.

### The Small Boy's Ambition

A small boy who visited the swannery with his mother was so fascinated that his ambitions altered suddenly from engine driving to being a swanherd. He wanted to know what the chances were of getting on.

"Well," said Lexster, "there'll be a vacancy here when I retire, because my son wants to go to sea. But I reckon you'll have to wait a few years. You see, my Uncle Joe Gill's only been here sixty-two years, and I hope I'm good for another forty. People like being with swans. My grandfather served them for nearly seventy years." THE END

As swanherd Fred approaches the pen (female), up swims her mate to see that all's well. He's not taking any chances—he had to fight for that nest

JOHN BULL April 22 1950

# LAMENT FOR LIZZIE

**Why should he spoil an illusion? Rather let it be said that Lizzie died a heroine's death**

*by DUDLEY HOYS*

IN THE EYES of our Miss Lorton, the late Lizzie remains a heroine. John Tullock knows otherwise, but he keeps his counsel. Also, he thinks himself lucky, for Lizzie might very well have brought him into serious trouble. Lizzie was a hornless Galloway cow with the startling habit of attacking women on sight, and he should have got rid of her long before the affair of Miss Lorton. He kept the animal for two reasons—his Cumbrian stubbornness, and the fact that few people walked the fells near Oakthwaite Farm.

Certainly it stands aloof from the madding crowd, 800 feet up on the fringe of Birker Moor, its green fields looking like tiny green splashes among the ocean of bracken and heather. The customary dry stone walls divide them, and the farmhouse is the usual low, swart, granite box. A rough lane, half a mile long, links it with the moorland road.

For some reason best known to himself, Tullock keeps Galloways, shy and a little wild. But he never had any trouble with them until he bought Lizzie. What he did not know was that she had been reared and brought up almost as a pet by a girl who had allowed Lizzie to butt at her playfully in the calf stage. By the time Lizzie reached cow's estate, the habit had become viciously permanent. On her second day at Oakthwaite, Lizzie butted Tullock's wife, and later, she knocked over a girl who was out fell-walking. By then Tullock realized that in her own way Lizzie was more dangerous than the scrub bull he kept enclosed in a high-walled intake, and should have been cooped up safely, too. But that would have meant losing the subsidy for beasts grazing on the fells, and Tullock was too honest to claim the subsidy and keep her browsing in one of his fields.

"There's few folk go up this way," he argued. "Leads nowhere."

HIS argument seemed justified—until Miss Lorton took it into her large, kindly head to have a day's ramble across this particular stretch of the fells. We are so used to her now, we have stopped laughing at her appearance and her peculiar outlook. Long years ago she came up from the south and settled in the village. Her fatness and redness of face have grown no less, and her blue eyes blink even more short-sightedly through her spectacles.

Life in the country, and a wild part at that, has not altered her attitude towards animals. She sees them through the sentimental focus of the child's story book. A rabbit is a near-human bunny that might be wearing a muffler and a cap, not a voracious nibbler with an annual grass consumption equal to one eighth of a sheep's grazing. A fox is a beautiful red creature that should go unharmed, and if it does get an occasional fowl or lamb—well, the poor thing must eat, mustn't it?

Nobody else in the world but Miss Lorton would have looked over the intake wall at that scrub bull and spoken so affectionately.

"Poor thing! All on your own. What a shame." She stooped, picked some grass and extended it over the top of the wall. "Nice bull. There, then. Come and have some grass."

The bull considered her with sullen, bloodshot eyes. Miss Lorton went on talking to it. The height of the wall made it a strain on her thick, short, craning neck, and she guided her toe into a crevice, heaved up and gained a few inches. The bull snorted and moved suspiciously forward. Miss Lorton waved the tufts invitingly.

"I suppose they've got to keep you here on your own," she said, in the sort of voice used for addressing little children, "but I do think it's hard on you. Nice bull. Have some grass."

Nobody but Miss Lorton would have mistaken that look in its eye for anything but evil intent. It came on slowly. When it was a yard or two from the wall, Miss Lorton's foot slipped. She sat down in the lane on the one side, and on the other side a dislodged stone fell, rolled, and grazed the bull's off foreleg.

Now if there is anything guaranteed to make a bull vindictive it is the conviction that somebody is striking at it. The blow from that stone did the trick. Miss Lorton picked herself up and peeped over the wall again, only to see the bull trotting away. Disappointed, she turned and resumed her walk, passing out of the lane upon the open fell. Down in the field the bull had reached the closed gate. It had a savage desire to get at her, and a bull in that state uses a dim, persistent intelligence. Once or twice before, it had opened the gate by getting its horns under the third bar and raising them. It lowered its head and began to lever away.

Beaming at the loveliness of nature, Miss Lorton walked up the fellside. In her scarlet jersey and grey skirt she was a bulging, conspicuous figure. On her back, a large rucksack contained a few small sandwiches. She smiled benevolently at the view and at the bright sky. Away to her right some cattle were grazing.

"Sweet things," she said. "So gentle."

She pottered towards them very slowly, fearing she might scare them away. At a range of twenty yards, four out of the five refused to be reassured by her crooning words and edged off. The fifth, Lizzie, walked steadily towards her.

"You dear, trusting creature!" Miss Lorton said delightedly, and picked some bents and held them out. Two hundred yards behind her the scrub bull was trotting briskly.

Lizzie came to within touching distance of her hand. The proffered nibbling was ignored. She dipped her head and gave a forward, shoving lunge. The range of the butt was too short to do any serious damage, but the thrusting weight of it sent Miss Lorton staggering. She lost her balance, twisted, and fell on her face.

Lizzie came on. As the panting Miss Lorton attempted to rise to her knees Lizzie's massive head rammed against her rucksack and pinned her flat. For the first time fear flared through her being. She lay there gasping for breath, the weight on her spine growing unbearable.

TO the south of the farmhouse, Tullock was repairing a wall. With the quick, far sight of the fell farmer who has to gather his flock scattered wide across the ridges and hollows, he spied his scrub bull trotting loose beyond the intake. Then he saw Lizzie, her head down, and a woman flat on the ground.

He drew a sharp breath of alarm. He was much too far away to get there in time. The one hope was Mack, a white-throated sheep-dog sprawling sleepily by the stones at his side.

"E-Mack!" he yelled. "The-ere! The-ere!"

Mack rippled up and away, leapt the wall. Tullock stood there helplessly, watching in great dread. He saw the scrub bull changing from a trot to a canter. He saw Lizzie lurching slightly, and he knew exactly what she was going to do. She was going to kneel, and the weight of her would break the woman's back. He shouted, a piercing, horrified sound.

**"Dear, trusting creature," said Miss Lorton. Behind her, the scrub bull thundered nearer**

Flat on her face, Miss Lorton was trying to wriggle free. By a desperate effort she forced her prostrate body a few inches to one side, so that the pressure was lessened for a second, and in that second she managed to writhe clear. But there was no chance to gain her feet. Lizzie had moved, too, poised to butt again.

Happily Miss Lorton could not see what happened next. In its last thunderous yards the scrub bull was moving too fast to swerve. Instead of Miss Lorton it got Lizzie, square in the flank. There was a sound of thudding impact. Lizzie dropped, her legs kicking feebly. The bull staggered, recovered, and in that instant Mack was snapping at it, chivvying it away.

When Tullock reached Miss Lorton, he saw that there were tears in her eyes, tears of grief. She pointed at poor Lizzie.

"The dear, brave creature!" she panted wheezily. "Just imagine! It must have seen that bull was after me and deliberately pushed me over and protected me with its own body. And they say animals can't think!"

For a moment, Tullock looked hard at her. "Ay," he said, letting out his breath. "Ay, happen that was it."

THE END

# Doing what you like

## by WILFRED PICKLES

*Pickles writes about leisure in this final article of his special John Bull series: the most important things in life*

DURING THE EVENING RUSH-HOUR in London, when a tide of people sweeps out from the city centre, I often stand and watch the crowds of men and women, wondering what sort of a programme they have mapped out for themselves for the evening. Some will be rushing home to get on comfortable slippers and put their feet up in cosy parlours; others are thinking of the dance hall, the ice rink, the pub and club and debating society.

Whatever it is that draws them away so urgently, it offers them a different world from that of the office and workshop—a time for individuality, the chance to do as they like and to express themselves in pints, poetry or pontoon.

To me, that is the main thing about leisure; it enables us to be ourselves, instead of what our managers and foremen—and our public—expect us to be. It keeps us from becoming frustrated flunkeys, slaves to the business of making a living. It gives us a chance to get away for a few hours from the worrying headlines and the bomb-talk and the dollar-troubles. And in this atomic age of mass-production and the awful threat of mass-destruction, is it any wonder that we are determined to get all the pleasure we can?

Why should anybody but cranks want to criticize the thousands who squeeze into football grounds on Saturday afternoons? Why should anybody want to stop the youngsters going out for the bright lights—dancing, films and speedway racing?

I am not one of those who believe that we place too much importance on having fun. Far from it; I think the only people who do make too good a thing out of leisure are tramps and a few of the wilder West Enders and Parisians. But there is always, of course, the danger that we may so grimly pursue enjoyment that we bring ourselves almost as much pain as pleasure in the process. We sometimes tend to get a little straightfaced about it all.

I WAS at one of our big holiday camps not long ago, doing a job for the B.B.C. It was one of those damp, drizzling days we all try to avoid by plumping for the fancied holiday weeks which usually turn out to be the worst of the summer. The campers strolled around rather sadly until, over the loudspeakers, came the announcement, "The Lancers." This was followed by, "Take Your Partners," and everybody within sight dashed into the dance hall. They danced the Lancers—and then came out and kept on walking!

As I stood there, wondering what was going on, an attendant wearing a loud blazer suddenly loomed up and challenged: "Where's your badge?" From then on, I felt I had to go about with a big smile to avoid being pounced on and told: "You've come here to enjoy yourself, and I'm going to see that you do!"

It reminded me of a friend of mine who, on a visit to the Louvre or Notre Dame or one of the other famous show-places of Paris, stood next to two American women tourists. One said to the other: "Are you doing Versailles this afternoon, dear?" Her friend, in a plaintive voice, answered: "Well, I don't know that I shall. You see, I've Rome and Venice and Vienna to do yet, dear—and I just have to consider my *endurance*."

Many of us, I think, are at times liable to make equally heavy weather out of this business of leisure and enjoyment. "Business" is the right word, for leisure has become big business, and is laid on as efficiently as water and electricity. Yet I feel sure that the crowd get nothing like the personal satisfaction out of their pleasures as do those lucky men and women, boys and girls, who are able to make their own entertainment.

Pickles at Windermere: "A villager insisted on escorting Mabel and me over the hills"

I saw an example of this only a day or two ago in the heart of the blitzed and battered East End of London. I was there to present prizes to young boxers of the boys' club at the Dockland Settlement; and what tremendous fun and excitement those grand lads got out of their healthy, good-tempered slogging. How they revelled in every tingling moment!

I remember a dark-haired boy of seventeen, called Pat McGuinness. His eyes danced as he fought; there was a smile on his face all the time; and he was as agile as a spring lamb. In the ring he was like quicksilver, nipping about in pumps because he had no boxing shoes. He needed no superficial requirements to mark him as a grand sportsman. His spare time at the club means such a lot to him because he fills it by doing things instead of passively watching.

I KNOW people who get untold pleasure from collecting stamps, locomotive numbers and even misprints and odd sayings from the newspapers. I once interviewed a match box collector who told me at the microphone what a thrill he got when he discovered a new one. A week or two after the broadcast I had a letter from him in which he wrote: "People have sent me match boxes from all over the world. They are pouring in." And he went on to say that his hobby was spoiled for him. He had lost interest because it had been made too easy.

I understand his feelings. When Mabel and I spent a few days in the Lake District, a friendly villager insisted on joining us on our walk over the inviting hills "just in case we got lost." That, of course, was just what we wanted to do.

I like a walking holiday; I enjoy sitting in some remote "local" swapping tales with the farming folk. But I'm not saying that is the only way of spending a holiday. I can understand what a kick millions of folk get from parading the promenades of Blackpool and Southend and sitting on the sands in Southport and Scarborough. There's nothing like paper hats and popcorns and laughing, jostling crowds and all the fun of the fair when you've spent months tied to a machine in a roaring, rattling workshop that only goes gay at Christmas time. It is a great adventure when you can escape from the shadows of a mill-town to a gay resort.

When I lived in Halifax I would never have dreamed of spending a holiday anywhere other than the seaside; and it was something of a revelation when I went for a week to Worcestershire. There, I fed the cattle, took horses to be shod, collected eggs—and at eleven every night went with a feeding bottle to give a motherless lamb its supper. I even learned to milk cows.

THAT WEEK on the farm was one of the most exciting I've ever had. I wish I could persuade a business man I know to do the same. For the past three years he has packed his family off to Switzerland for summer holidays, and has stayed at home himself. "Too busy," he says. We can't afford to be too busy. My friend's duodenals have told him that.

Give me the philosophy of that super-tramp, W. H. Davies:

*What is this life if full of care*
*We have no time to stand and stare?*

Tramps know what they are talking about when it comes to leisure. We can all enjoy it just as much as they do—without making it a full-time job! It is a time when we can indulge the civilized habit of getting to know other people—and, even more important, of getting to know ourselves. THE END

JOHN BULL April 22 1950

# Money-lender to the world

*by OLGA ILLNER*

**Anybody with an idea can borrow from Eugene Black. The idea has to be good, though. At the International Bank they only deal in millions**

WHEN THE International Bank for Reconstruction and Development first opened its doors in Washington four years ago, an enterprising contractor wrote to the president, suggesting that the bank should finance the building of a six-lane highway from China to a port in France, with pipelines carrying oil and petrol to garages sited at convenient intervals along this transcontinental artery. The contractor was not the only "visionary" who believed that, with the International Bank, his chance had come at last.

At the monetary conference at Bretton Woods in July, 1944, the member governments of the United Nations agreed to the setting-up of a World Bank for the prime purpose of encouraging any reasonable development project that cannot be financed through ordinary channels, because the risks are too great for the ordinary investor, or for some other reason.

Ideas came pouring in from inventors, speculators and crackpots all over the world. One young man asked for 25,000,000 dollars to provide all the cities of the world with landing strips, "specially designed for the use of helicopters."

### They Came Scrounging

"Even governments behaved rather irresponsibly," says Eugene R. Black, president of the World Bank. "At least six wrote in, each asking for 500 million dollars, without bothering to explain how they intended to use the money. They had mistaken our function. But we weren't long in putting them right."

Black does not conform to the accepted pattern of the super Wall Street financier, squatting behind a massive desk, eyes glued to a tape machine tapping out the latest Wall Street news, with five telephones on his desk all ringing at once, and surrounded by trembling assistants and pretty secretaries. Black has one secretary, and he works in a spacious and dignified suite of offices at the World Bank's headquarters, 1818 H. Street, Washington, D.C. "Tall, bold, informal and pleasantly approachable" is a fair description of Black, though it omits his soft Southern drawl and sense of fun.

"The president needs that sense of fun," remarks Will Ayres, a World Bank official, "to cope with the tug-o'-war of various national interests pulling in different directions, undercurrents of intrigue, political backwash, and some of the fantastic situations he is faced with day by day. . . ." One of the younger, less developed nations suddenly takes it into its head that it needs to start manufacturing jet engines or locomotives, with assistance from the World Bank, although it has hardly mastered the problem of making pins. An emissary arrives in Washington to sell Black the idea. Black must listen, then sell the emissary the idea that his compatriots are not quite ready for jets; and the emissary must leave without hard feelings.

Black's distinguished guests are invited to sign in the visitor's book, which holds the names of some of the best financial brains in the world. The emissary signs; he is flattered and they go then for cocktails into the president's dining-room, where only the bank's most august clients are entertained. A coloured boy approaches with menus and pencils, and host and guest tick off on the menu exactly what they want to eat.

### His Battle Against Spinach

Over cocktails, the president will tell his favourite story against himself. He hates vegetables, but was once laid up in a New York clinic with stomach trouble. Treatment included a diet, with spinach figuring prominently on the diet sheet. "I just couldn't eat it," Black says. "Each time the nurse left the room, I tossed the stuff out of the window. That was all right, until the day it landed—on a woman's hat. . . ."

Black was born fifty-two years ago in Atlanta, Georgia, the eldest of three children of the late Eugene Robert Black, a successful lawyer who became president of the Atlanta Trust Company and subsequently Governor of the Federal Reserve Board in Atlanta and Washington. Eugene R. Black II went to the University of Georgia, where he took his B.A. degree in 1918, before going into the U.S. Navy as an ensign for the rest of the first World War. "They wouldn't have me in the Army," he tells, ". . . said I had a leaky heart. The Air Force turned me down for the same reason. That only left the Navy. I knew I would be sick all the time, but they took me. Each trip to sea cost me half a stone."

Beginning his business career in the Atlanta office of a New York Investment firm, where he quickly showed a "real knack for selling," he eventually rose to be the senior vice-president of the Chase National Bank of New York. In February, 1947, President Truman announced Black's appointment as United States executive director of the World Bank, which had begun operations the previous year and, though active for only seven months, was already encountering major difficulties.

Eugene Meyer, the bank's first president, and the U.S. executive director, John G. Collado, had favoured a far more liberal policy than the New York financial community considered wise. Meyer had resigned as president, to be succeeded by John J. McCloy, former Assistant Secretary of War, who had made his acceptance of the job conditional on the direction of the bank "being placed in hands of persons who could be depended upon to pursue sound, non - political lending policies." McCloy had insisted that Black be named executive director for the United States, and Collado resigned.

After the president, the most powerful key position in the World Bank is probably that of the United States executive director. All the bank's powers are vested in the Board of Governors, comprising one representative from each of the forty-eight member countries, but most of this authority has been delegated by the Board of Governors to fourteen Executive Directors (five appointed by the countries having the largest capital subscriptions, nine elected by the governors of the remaining members), who are in continuous session at the bank's headquarters.

The voting power of the member countries is roughly proportionate to their capital subscriptions—totalling 8,348,500,000 dollars on May 15, 1949. But of this sum, only twenty per cent is "paid in" by the member countries, and of that amount all but two per cent can be used for lending, but only with the permission of the country concerned. As only the United States has been in a position to allow full use of its quota, and as a large proportion of the bank's lending funds must be raised through sale of its own bonds, the U.S. executive director's vital position becomes obvious. Black's appointment reassured the New York banks; and, on his solemn promise that their money would be repaid, the World Bank was able to borrow 250 million dollars by an issue of bonds to U.S. investors.

### Some Loans Have Strings

On the lending side, the bank was no less active; by August, 1947, heavy loans had been made to five nations—207 millions to Holland, 40 millions to Denmark, 250 millions to France, 16 millions to Belgium, 12 millions to Luxembourg. Subsequent loans to Chile and Mexico raised the total amount disbursed to 508,342,928 dollars on May 15, 1949, about the time when McCloy became United States High Commissioner for Germany, and Black succeeded to the World Bank presidency.

Under Black the bank has gone ahead with an extensive lending policy—two million dollars to Jugoslavia for timber development; 12½ millions to Finland for the development of her wood products and other industries; 34 millions to India for the development of her railways. To date there have been twenty-four loans made, with the total amount as high as 750 million dollars. Some of the World Bank loans have provisos. Finland, for instance, in return for dollars to enable her to purchase

India's Mrs. Pandit talks to Black. Loans will help to clear the jungle

timber - producing equipment, has agreed to export this timber to Belgium, Denmark and Britain. These countries, in turn, agree to pay Finland in dollars for part of the timber deliveries, so as to make repayment of the loan possible.

"One of our main difficulties," President Black says, "is that so many of the development schemes submitted are not found to be worth while on closer examination."

The World Bank does more than just loan money. Often it sends out its experts to give technical advice and assistance when a country is not able to gauge and explore its own resources. Irrigation experts, for instance, have recently gone to Iraq and Peru. A textile expert has been sent to Ecuador, an agricultural engineer to India, a financial consultant to Turkey, and a mission to Columbia to make a comprehensive economic survey of the whole country. "It's easy enough to give a loan to a country," Black explains. "But the mere existence of such a credit by itself will accomplish nothing. It has to be used in a way that will really help to *develop* the country."

### Advice As Well As Money

Before the World Bank agrees to make a loan, Black must make sure of two things: first, can the borrowing state afford to burden itself with the debt? Secondly, is the project sound, financially and technically?

But even when all the pros and cons have been considered, and the loan finally decided upon, the bank's work is by no means over. As the president emphasizes: "We do not make loans and forget them except for entering interest payments in our books. Once a loan has been granted, members of what we call our 'End-Use Division' follow it up. They go out to see our money in action. Further, our Economic Department will keep a continuous watch on the financial and economic situation of the country concerned. We are not only protecting our investment, but really trying to help with advice as well as money."

The World Bank meets its operating costs by charging interest and commission on its loans. The rate is moderate, varying with the conditions of the loan; and to the rate is added a little more, usually a quarter of one per cent, to build up appropriate reserves. A commission of one per cent on the loan itself is paid into the bank's special reserve fund. For instance, El Salvador is paying 3½ per cent on 12½ million dollars, a long-term loan (twenty-five years) for the development of a hydro-electric scheme; but Jugoslavia's interest is only 2 per cent on a two-year loan of 2,300,000 dollars for timber development.

None of the loans made has yet fallen due for repayment, but no difficulty is expected. Debtors are paying up their interest, and there is no danger in the near future that the bank may be short of capital; each member can be called upon at any time to pay in the remaining eighty per cent of its subscription.

One of Black's stickiest problems is that the bank, with few exceptions, is making only dollar loans at the moment. "That is obviously wrong," he says. "Although we have a substantial amount of dollars, because each member country has to pay part of its contribution in dollars, we also have pounds, francs, guilders, pesos, dinars, rupees and so on, most of which are lying idle. Rightly, people are asking, 'What's international about the International Bank?'"

And Black adds: "Don't forget that, when Marshall Aid ends, the World Bank will be practically the only source left from which Europe will be able to borrow dollars." But by then he hopes the institution will be geared up to lending between 200 and 250 millions annually.

To ensure the future smooth running of the World Bank, a steady intake of well-trained junior staff is necessary. Courses are held every year, for which seven or eight applicants are chosen annually from the various member countries. This year's draft was picked from Ecuador, India, Iran, Italy, Lebanon, Norway, the U.S.A. and Britain, with Britain represented by a girl named Margaret S. Wolfson. Prospects in the World Bank are good, if salaries are not fabulous. Black's own salary is in the region of 24,000 dollars a year; though it is said he could make four times that amount working privately.

### The Boss's Words Of Faith

Obviously Black is not working at the World Bank for what he can make out of it. He expressed his faith in the organization when he said: "I firmly believe that our International Bank will develop into one of the most powerful forces for good in the world. When I think that India will have four million tons more grain in the next seven years, because the World Bank has enabled her to buy the machinery needed to clear square miles of jungle and land infested with kans grass, I feel that we are working on the right track." THE END

*THE HUMAN MACHINE* *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

## Sharing our precious gifts

**BYRON SAID: "All who joy would win must share it. Happiness is born a twin." True—and I think it has a wider application than might appear.**

**He who has a talent must share it, too, for real skill is an endless source of joy. Great music, beautiful painting, fine writing not only satisfy their creators: they inspire and enthral millions down the centuries.**

**He who has skill has a precious gift. That is why whatever we do should be done honestly and whole-heartedly. That is why we should always give to the utmost of our individual abilities. We are all of us creating something in our own way.**

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PEARLING—TOUGHEST OF GAMBLES

*Continued from page 9*

pearls but chart the coast as part of Imperial Tokyo's invasion plans.

Unluckily, few white men seem to be fitted, physically or psychologically, for work as pearl divers. It is lonely, exacting and, romantic conceptions to the contrary, monotonous. Broome imported six Royal Navy divers in 1916. They could not stand the life.

The best pearl divers are Japanese. Their small stature helps them to endure prolonged pressure under water; their abnormally developed hearts deteriorate less quickly than other men's; their spirit of Oriental fatalism makes them indifferent not only to the perils but also to the boredom of the luggerman's life.

But the reopening of the pearling grounds to the Japanese is unthinkable. Here, as elsewhere, they were trouble makers; they defied the luggerman's written and unwritten laws. A noted Australian diver, Clarence Benham, who died last year, once fought a Japanese diver to the death under water.

Benham's lugger *Gertrude*, working from Thursday Island, was prospecting Baisek Passage, off Darnley Island, Torres Straits. Baisek Passage was not one of the popular pearling grounds, and Benham, preparing to go below, noticed the *Gertrude's* presence was causing a stir on board a Japanese lugger, *Pearl Queen*, which had arrived on the spot almost at the same time.

Sensing something odd, he told his tender to signal him if the *Pearl Queen's* diver should follow him down. When his lead-weighted boots touched bottom he saw an astonishing sight. Hundreds of pearl oysters were laid out in neat rows on the spongy sea floor. He guessed the *Pearl Queen* had gathered the oysters elsewhere, perhaps a season before, carried them to Baisek Passage and resown them under water to grow, like transplanted shrubs, and was now back to collect them.

The sea was free to all; the diver's code gave the first man on the ground the right to gather any shell he might find. Benham began to fill his bag. A violent tug on his lifeline told him that the *Pearl Queen's* diver was descending.

Benham saw the Japanese, grotesque in helmet, rubber dress and weighted boots, slide down through the green twilight and touch bottom not fifty yards away. He made straight for Benham, a long steel bolt with a heavy nut screwed to one end swinging, hammerlike, in his right hand.

### Kicked Jap's Face Glass In

Benham waited until the Japanese was within a few feet. Then he lunged, moving as fast as the water pressure and his clumsy dress would permit, caught the Japanese by the left wrist and, jerking him forward, tripped him. The Japanese flailed at him with the bolt, but Benham pinioned his wrists and kicked in the face glass of his helmet.

Any jury would have called it justifiable homicide.

But it is not living enemies, either man or marine creatures, that the diver most fears. Divers' paralysis, caused by too fast an ascent from deep water, and the fouling of the lifeline or airline on some underwater obstruction, such as a spike of coral or rock, remain the deadliest killers.

They are more feared than even the diamond fish, whose pincerlike jaws can slash through lifeline and airline at one bite, or the giant groper, a massive codlike fish which reaches weights nearing a third of a ton and will rush a diver like an express train, gulping him—helmet, boots and all.

Only the skin diver—that is, the native working in shallow water without a diving-dress—fears the shark. Sharks once in a while attack deep-water divers, but they usually sheer off when bombarded with a jet of air bubbles from the cuff of the dress or the valve of the helmet.

### Escape From Shark's Mouth

A Thursday Island skin diver named Treacle had a fearful joust with a tiger shark some years ago. Diving for the bottom, he thrust his head into a shark's mouth. Desperate, he groped for the monster's eyes with his thumbs, found them and gouged.

The shark's jaws half closed, but Treacle wriggled free. Though dreadfully wounded he recovered and was thereafter able to live a life of ease by exhibiting his collar of scars, at a price, to tourists.

A good diver, Asiatic or white, can earn £1,000 a year for seven months' work (the buying power of his £1,000 today is far less than that of the £500 a year a good diver earned before the first World War), but the work is hard on the nerves, wearing on the body.

An Australian Government Commission of Inquiry had this to say: "Diving for shell is not an occupation which white workers should be encouraged to undertake. The average diver, if a European, must be young, of good constitution, sound heart and perfect eyesight, and physically as perfect as the average man can hope to be. . . . The average diver, having all these qualifications, will in a few years become practically a physical wreck."

A type of pressurized diving dress, which has been tested in north Australian waters, may answer these and other objections to the employment of white pearl divers. It enables the diver to work at sixty fathoms, whereas forty fathoms is the extreme depth possible in the old-style dress.

A few adventurous young men are still willing to try their fortune at pearling. The hope of a lucky strike is the lure. Pearling has something in common with roulette, though Nature ruthlessly rigs the wheel against the diver.

They tell in Broome the story of a white pearling master who returned to Roebuck Bay, his lugger bursting at the seams with shell. That night he sat in on a poker game. At dawn he had lost everything.

Disconsolately entering his bungalow, he stumbled over a monster golden-lip half shell he had used for years as a doorstop. The shell carried a blister, a protuberance of the nacreous lining which usually conceals a pocket of mud but once in perhaps a hundred thousand times a pearl of real value.

On impulse, he carried the half shell to an expert in the art of "skinning" pearls. Two hours later the expert laid in the luggerman's hand a small, but perfect, spherical pearl, which had been hidden in the blister.

Its sale yielded enough to redeem his lost lugger and let him try his luck on the coast of pearls once more. THE END

# THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

*by DAVID FROME*

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

**Inspector Bull knew everything now. He'd better get them all together and tell them. And call a doctor, of course. There'd be need of a doctor**

Inspector Bull said: "Key? What key?" Mr. Pinkerton drew back

LITTLE MR. PINKERTON couldn't resist the temptation to play detective—especially when he was living in a house of murder.

The inhabitants of the various lodgings at No. 4 Godolphin Square were a curious lot: tyrannical old Caroline Winship, who sat broodingly at the window watching her bombed-out house across the square at No. 22; her weak and ailing sister, Mrs. Scott Winship; her lovely niece, Mary; and her idle nephew, Eric Dalrymple-Hughes. There was also the American stranger, Dan McGrath, who had come to London to marry Mary, whom he had met during a wartime air raid.

The Winship family suspected Dan of being a detective looking for Scott Winship, Mary's father, who had disappeared years before, together with a valuable family painting.

Dan thought his only chance to be reconciled with Mary was to solve the mystery of Scott Winship. He was offered information by Pegott, the permanent valet, but before Pegott could give it, he was murdered. Then Dan determined to explore the bomb-wrecked ruins of No. 22 by night, for it was rumoured that Scott Winship lurked there.

Scotland Yard detectives were watching No. 22, too, and they caught a prowler. Dan went along to the police station to confront the culprit — and found it was inoffensive little Mr. Pinkerton.

Mr. Pinkerton explained that he had seen the shadowy form of a man in the ruins and tried to seize him. The man had broken away, leaving only a scrap of material from his coat in Mr. Pinkerton's hand. Inspector Bull was warning Pinkerton to leave the investigation to the police when he received an ominous phone call. Eric Dalrymple-Hughes had been found in his bed with his skull smashed in by a hammer.

## PART VI

### *Terror At No. 4*

BACK at Godolphin Square, Mr. Pinkerton and Dan McGrath did not see Eric Dalrymple-Hughes, but, following the inspector half automatically into the Winship flat, they saw Miss Caroline Winship. She was in the sitting-room in the worn yellow-satin chair, backed up against the fireplace, beleaguered and alone, her stick gripped in one hand. Her heavy face was working, livid and suffused, her heavily-lidded, brilliant eyes dull-glazed, with the paralysed horror of one who had looked on Medusa's head, unable to turn away.

She seemed to have had some profound physical shock, a cerebral haemorrhage even, Dan thought, except that her hands opened and closed in sharp spasms, working as her heavy face worked. If she recognized either of them, they had no way of knowing it. Her eyes moved over them to the closed door of her sister's room, and back, slowly and painfully, then past them again to the other door, leading to her own room, where Bull and the police were, and all that remained of Dalrymple-Hughes lay in its final conflict with violence and death.

She shuddered horribly again, closed her eyes and bent her head down on her hand just as Bull opened the bedroom door and came out. The robust ruddiness of his own face had taken on the colour of jaundiced putty.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Miss Winship, but you must tell us what happened here. The night porter says you called to him?"

She nodded painfully. "I'd gone to sleep in my niece's room, to be near my sister if she woke. Mason was cleaning the stair carpet. The vacuum woke me. I looked in on my sister. She was asleep, but I couldn't get back to sleep myself. I went into my room to get my medicine I'd left in there. I didn't turn on the light. I knew where it was on the table. I started back this way." She motioned to the door the inspector had come through. "But he seemed so quiet. I stopped and listened. I thought he'd slipped out. I was annoyed, because I thought he could stay in at least one night if my sister and I wanted him. I switched on the light. I saw him."

A shudder racked her heavy body. She shut her eyes again, her mouth working in spasms of remembered horror.

"I must have fainted. I was on the floor when I tried to shout. I could hear the vacuum going, but I couldn't make the porter hear me. I crawled out and called to him, and he came. . . . I should never have allowed Eric to sleep there. I never really believed——" She broke off, strange, dry sounds coming from her throat as she rocked her body back and forth. "He thought it was me," she managed to say then. "The blow was meant for me."

"What time did your nephew go to bed?"

"Early. Before the rest of us. He was cross and impatient, about eleven o'clock. Mary stayed down, and Copeland stayed until Louise seemed quiet for the night. Copeland decided to go home. I'd gone to bed when Mary went upstairs. Copeland was in here. He left a note." She nodded towards the desk. "We were all exhausted."

"Who does this belong to, Miss Winship?"

Bull had put his hand out to the officer behind him and took the thing he had been holding, the handle wrapped in a red-stained wash cloth. It was a small sledgehammer, the head smeared, dark and ghastly.

She looked away. "It was Eric's. He brought it downstairs with him. He said it was for . . . protection. I thought it was a joke, in very bad taste. Until—until I saw it lying on the counterpane when I switched on——"

An abrupt thin ringing sound from the bedroom cut her off. She turned her head sharply. "That's my alarm. Who set it for——?" She glanced quickly up at the Dresden-china clock on the mantel above her chair. It struck two soft, lovely notes. "Who set it for two o'clock? I keep it set at half past seven. Why should anyone . . . why should Eric . . . ?" She stared blankly at the bedroom door.

THEY went out into the hall. The police had persuaded the other tenants to go back to their rooms. Mason, the night porter, was there, and Miss Grimstead, clutching her old woollen bathrobe about her uncorseted hips, half managerial and half hysterical; at one moment ordering Mr. Pinkerton not to step on the cord of the vacuum cleaner, the next wringing her hands in the despair of the helpless.

"Mr. McGrath went out a few minutes before twelve," Bull said curtly. "Mr. Copeland a bit later. . . . Where were you, Mason?"

"I was below in the kitchen, sir. Everyone was in by half past eleven and I'd made tea for them that takes tea. It was my understanding Mr. Copeland was spending the night here. I was down putting out powder for the cockroaches, sir. The chef's that touchy he don't believe in killing God's creatures." He jerked his head towards Miss Grimstead. "But as I told her, the guests are touchy, too. They don't like God's creatures crawling all over the victuals they've got to eat."

"We have very few roaches, inspector." Miss Grimstead came partially to herself. "And if the chef is a bit peculiar," she added tartly, "so are all good male cooks—all of them I've ever had to do with. And these days you can't pick and choose. You've got to make do with what you can get, and Mason knows it."

Bull intervened between the glowering porter and the tightlipped manageress. "What time did you come back upstairs?"

"It was ten minutes to one, sir. I was late getting on with the stairs and hall. I started at the top and came down. I was through here and down at the bottom." He motioned to the ground floor. "I'd never have heard her, poor lady, but the cord got tangled, and I had to come up and unloose it. I'd never have heard her in there groaning with the machine going. Pitiful, it was, sir. Her in a heap on the floor by the door, trying to make somebody hear. And him there on the bed—worse'n I ever see in the bombing, sir. That was at five-and-twenty to two o'clock, sir."

Bull pieced it together. From twelve, when Sidney Copeland left the house, no member of the staff was in the hall until Mason came up fifty minutes later. From then until approximately one twenty, he was upstairs with the vacuum cleaner going. It was an old

model, and Mason, cleaning up there with it, could hardly have heard anyone slipping down the heavily carpeted stairway. No phantom tread was needed at No. 4 Godolphin Square, at least not on the lower floors, where the carpets were new and the pads not worn as they were on the third floor, where Mr. Pinkerton and Dan McGrath lived.

Dan McGrath was trying to piece things together, too. It was half past twelve when he got to the police station. It must have been at about quarter past when the mêlée broke out on the open staircase across the square, leaving Mr. Pinkerton to hold the bag . . . and the torn square of oatmeal-coloured tweed. Why Eric Dalrymple-Hughes? . . . Dan glanced along the hall to the door behind which Caroline Winship sat, alone with terror, perhaps, in spite of the stolid figure in blue stationed there in the hall to protect her. She had refused to allow them to wake her sister or her niece or to call Sidney Copeland to come back.

In a small, timid voice, Mr. Pinkerton said suddenly: "Of course, if he'd still got the key." He spoke in a hush that had fallen for a moment on the weary group in the hall as Inspector Bull chewed at the corner of his tawny moustache, his brow wrinkled and his mild blue eyes darkly troubled.

Bull turned slowly to him. "Key? What key?"

Mr. Pinkerton remembered, and caught his breath. "That Betty, the chambermaid, lost," he said weakly. "Or—or had stolen." He moistened his grey lips and tried to move a little closer to his friend McGrath.

Inspector Bull came as close to glaring as he had ever done—at Mr. Pinkerton, at Mason and at Miss Violet Grimstead.

"I have no idea what he's talking about," Miss Grimstead said tartly. "Mr. Pinkerton must be mistaken."

Bull looked at him, like a man counting not ten or fifty, but a hundred, before he spoke. "Where is the maid?" he asked patiently. "Does she live in?"

"She's not with us any longer," Miss Grimstead said. "She left without notice just before lunch. She'd got some wild tale that she'd rung up her young man and that he was afraid for her to stay on here and wanted to marry her at once. She certainly made no mention of a missing key to me, and Sarah said nothing about it this evening when it was time to turn down the beds."

"They — they were not turned down," said Mr. Pinkerton stoutly. "The girls were afraid to tell you the key was gone."

Inspector Bull was still looking at his unfortunate friend. He turned to the manageress and the night porter. "Leave the vacuum cleaner here," he said. "I'll see you in the morning, ma'am. . . . Go on with your duties, Mason." He turned to the two officers with him. "Carry on," he said. "I'll be back down in a few moments."

Only Mr. Pinkerton and Dan McGrath were left there with him. He ignored McGrath.

"Pinkerton," he said, "come up to your room. I should have known——" Dan had the impression of a man never very articulate, now utterly bereft of words. "You'll tell me all you know about this affair. If you don't, I'll—I'll put you behind bars and keep you there."

He did not add "till you rot," but there was no doubt in Dan's mind that it was what he meant. Or in Mr. Pinkerton's. He edged along the banister to the stairs, and if he had been as seedy as Miss Grimstead had said, he could never have climbed the stairs as fast as he did without really having a heart attack. Bull and Dan followed with a heavier and slower tread.

Outside the door of Eric Dalrymple-Hughes's flat, Dan stopped. "I think it would be a good plan to look in on Miss Mary Winship, Inspector Bull," he said gravely. "She's got to know. She'd probably like to be with her aunt. And there's something here I think you ought to see."

He rapped at the door, remembered there was a whole room for her to hear through, and knocked more loudly. He knocked again.

"Try the door, sir."

"It's bolted. That's what I wanted you to see. He bought two bolts at the ironmonger's this afternoon."

He put his hand on the knob as he spoke, turned it and pushed. The door opened. The light was on at the desk in front of the window. Dan went across the room.

"Mary!" The cold sweat stood on his forehead, pricking it sharply, and his voice was hoarse as he called her again. "Mary!" He went quickly to the bedroom door and opened it. The light was on there, too, and the room empty.

"Easy, sir. Take it easy." Bull's quiet voice and solid bulk behind him were like brakes applied to a car careering madly down a road. Dan drew up sharply, his heart an icy lump. The bed had not been slept in. He looked around, and froze for an instant into rigid intensity. There was a wardrobe like Pegott's wardrobe against the wall between the fireplace and the window looking down into the air shaft to the kitchen area. He went across the room, white-faced, and put his hand out.

"Steady, sir. You'd best let me do that."

Bull was at his side, but he had already jerked the wardrobe door open. There was nothing in there but Eric's suits and overcoat and a neat row of shoes propped up by their heels on a rack at the bottom. Dan took out his handkerchief and wiped the icy sweat off his forehead. His hands were shaking.

"Where do you suppose she's gone?" The inspector was looking at the shoes, calmly removing one pair after another, looking at them attentively and deliberately.

"She was going to bed when I left her. She promised to bolt both doors and not let anybody in."

Bull put down the last pair of shoes.

"She's left all the lights on," he said soberly. "There's no sign of anything wrong. She must have gone out purposely. I'd not worry, sir. It looks as if she's safer outside this house than in it." He went back into the sitting-room. "If you know where she'd be likely to go——"

"I don't." Then Dan remembered that he did know. There were two places: her uncle's in St. Giles's Terrace, and the place in the Adelphi she had gone to from the train at Waterloo the first night he was in London—the night he'd found her again after six years of waiting. And Bull could stand there, stolid and imperturbable. McGrath was made of hastier metal. He took one look at the inspector, said, "I'm going after her," and went out.

Bull got to the door in time to see him going down the stairs three at a time. He stopped, halfway to the stairs himself, shook his head, went back into the bedroom and opened the wardrobe again, thinking about the bad moment he had himself had until McGrath had jerked the door open. He had felt the cold sweat on his own brow, and he had seen Eric Dalrymple-Hughes, as McGrath had not.

He started methodically to work on the pockets of the suits hanging on the brass rod at the top of the cupboard. In less than half an hour he closed the door of the flat and went up to Mr. Pinkerton's third-floor bed-sitting-room. Somewhere in that half hour a faint ray of light had begun to glimmer, though he had found only two things of interest in the small flat.

Like Pegott, Dalrymple-Hughes had planned a voyage. Unlike Pegott, he had apparently been content to travel in a sterling area, where he could spend pounds and not be restricted by travel and currency regulations. It wa interesting to Bull because the cheque book locked in his desk drawer showed a balance of three pounds eight shillings and sevenpence . . . adequately explained, he thought, by the second item of interest, which was the counterfoil of the last cheque drawn. It was in the amount of one hundred pounds, and the entry on the counterfoil was: "Self for A. Peg."

Bull opened the door of Mr. Pinkerton's room. "Well, Pinkerton," he said.

"Well, Inspector." Mr. Pinkerton adjusted his spectacles and glanced apprehensively past Bull's great cinnamon-brown bulk. "Where—what have you done with my friend Mr. McGrath?"

"Your friend Mr. McGrath has gone out to find his friend Miss Winship," Bull said placidly.

"Oh, dear," Mr. Pinkerton said. He shook his head dismally. "I—I'm afraid this is all a very dangerous business," he said timidly. He glanced hesitatingly up at the inspector and took courage. "Dan McGrath can say it's because I'm so—so repressed that I have to escape into what he calls bizarre whimsy all he likes, but I still think, Chief Inspector, that—well, if you'd sit down a moment, I could tell you what I think."

He went on, even though it really was fantastic, the inspector listening silently and gravely and, to Mr. Pinkerton's surprise, even nodding his head, almost, from time to time.

The impelling need, as national and characteristic in Dan McGrath as Bull's stolid patience was in him, to translate his anxiety into some form of action, however irrational, succumbed abruptly to an equally native common sense and pragmatic realism as he pounded along toward the bottom of the square.

This was London. The chances of his finding a taxi in these parts at three o'clock in the morning were nil. If Mary was at her Uncle Elliot's, charmingly vague though Uncle Elliot was, he could easily be expected to be pretty sore also, routed out of bed a second time, first by his niece and second by McGrath. The occupants of Adam Street, Adelphi, would no doubt be the same, especially as he did not know the particular flat or the particular house, even, that Mary had planned to go to the night he'd stopped her there, under the street light in front of a whole block of houses and flats.

Stopping to figure it out, he could see no reason to think she would go to either place anyway. She would have had to stop in her own room and get her bag and coat, at the risk of waking her aunt.

He stood at the end of the square, frowning; his anxiety, that had been so acute when he saw her empty bed and that had relaxed somehow at the idea she was at her uncle's or at Adam Street—away from Godolphin Square, actually—was seeping back into his mind, sharpening again. He looked at the dark rectangle of the garden down the centre of the square, at the clumps of black rhododendron, remembering Caroline Winship out there in the night.

He also remembered the invisible hand of Detective-Sergeant Dick that had reached out and held him in his tracks.

He looked over at the gaunt remains of No. 22, silent and deserted now, after the abortive flurry of the attempt to catch the phantom of the dark.

He went round the end of the wooden fence, towards the bombed house, staying on the soft ground, so as not to attract the attention of Bull's driver, dozing behind the wheel of the car in front of No. 4.

Across the road from No. 22 he stopped, hidden in the shadow of the fence and the overgrown shrubs, his eyes intent on the open staircase and the pale expanse of plastered wall rising up to the dense black shadow cast by the broken, projecting roof.

There was no sound except the shivering claque in the plane trees overhead. It was like some child's game that had taken on a real and frightening significance, as if he had asked, "Am I getting close?" with none to answer but dry, dead lips of the ghosts whispering in the sere and yellow leaves.

Then he knew suddenly he was not alone. There was someone in the garden across the fence. He took two steps in that direction. "Who's there?" He meant to keep his voice down, but it was sharpened as he thought he heard behind him something that sounded like a low moan. It might have been only the breeze in the plane trees or among the chimney-pots.

A quiet voice answered him, "It's me, sir—Dick again."

The detective from divisional headquarters eased himself over the fence. "I came back after our little fiasco, sir. Did you hear something over there? I've been here half an hour. It's seemed all quiet, but I thought I heard something just now. . . . There it is again."

He went across the narrow strip of road to the barrier in front of the ruined house, Dan beside him. They stopped there, listening. A soft moan that was not the breeze in the treetops or a draught in a chimney-pot came again from somewhere on the other side of the barrier. It was followed by a slow scraping sound, as if a foot moved painfully, grating over the rubble and fallen plaster.

Sergeant Dick jerked his electric torch forward. A sharp beam of yellow light pierced the black emptiness of the cellars, its bright arch describing the broken masonry before it leaped up to the balcony and reached the graceful hanging stairs, flying down it, then, until it reached the bottom, and stopped with an abrupt jerk on the dark, slight figure huddled in an unconscious heap on the stone floor at the foot of the stairs.

Dan was across the barrier, clearing the open space that dropped down into the area with a leap that had only fool's luck to commend it. "Mary!" He knelt down, gripping her cold hands, and bent to listen to her heart. "She's alive!" It didn't sound like his voice. "Let's get her out of here!"

Sergeant Dick threw the torch beam on the solid strip of masonry that had been the wall between this and the house next door and that went to the street. "Steady, sir. I'll give you a hand." He stopped for an instant, listening intently, and swept the torch round, up the stairs, into the black hollows on either side of them, before he helped Dan pick the girl up. "Careful, sir. Watch your footing here."

Dan carried her across the square, running, the sergeant ahead of him opening the gates. When they came to No. 4, the porter on the ground floor turned, staring.

"Call Mr. Sidney Copeland," Dan said. "Get hold of him right away."

The lift was too narrow. He carried

McGrath said: "She's alive." It didn't sound like his voice. The sergeant said: "I'll give you a hand with her." He stopped, listening intently

her up the stairs, Mason with him, fumbling for his key.

"Here's her flat, sir."

"I'm taking her upstairs where we can bolt her in," Dan said curtly. "Where's Inspector Bull?"

Bull was coming down from the third floor, took the last three steps in one and was at Eric's door before Mason.

"Get a doctor," Dan said urgently. "Call Sidney Copeland, won't you?"

"We'll get a doctor." Bull looked at the girl, put his hand on her pulse, lifted her eyelid with his thumb and forefinger. "She's coming round. I don't think we'll get Copeland. One of our own men. . . . Mason, you get Miss Grimstead."

He went across the room and picked up the telephone.

"Put me on to Scotland Yard." He turned back. "Dick, you go over to that house; go through it from cellar to garret. Get two men on it with you; keep a watch there till I tell you to take it off."

Dan put the girl gently down on the bed. "You're taking Mr. Scott Winship seriously at last?"

It was an offensive thing to say, and he knew it, but he was in an offensive mood.

"I've taken him seriously from the beginning, sir," Bull said.

MR. PINKERTON crept quietly back into his room and closed the door. From his crow's nest at the top of the stairs, peering over the banister rail, he had seen Miss Grimstead come running up to the flat that had been Dalrymple-Hughes's. He had seen the doctor come, and a young woman in the uniform of a nursing sister, but who looked very much like a young woman he had once seen at New Scotland Yard in a uniform of a different sort.

Bull had not left, nor had Dan McGrath, but Miss Grimstead had, stopping outside the door and leaning against the wall a moment in such patent relief that he had not needed Mason to tell him Miss Mary had come round with no bones broken, and was now asleep under a sedative.

"And you'd best go to bed, sir," Mason had said very sensibly, as Mr. Pinkerton's teeth were chattering as effectively as if they had all been his own. "I've got to get on with my work."

So Mr. Pinkerton was back in his own room. He felt worn out and exhausted, like an orange out of which Inspector Bull's patient interrogation had squeezed the last drop of juice, even pulp, and thrown into the gutter for the dustmen to pick up and carry away.

He glanced at himself in the mildewed mirror, not able to tell, quite, whether it was mildew or prison pallor, or whether his face merely wanted washing. He took off his clothes and put on his patched nightshirt, too tired, really, to make the trip to the washroom until he decided the washing might remove the antiseptic memory as well as dirt.

He put on his slippers and got his soap and towel from the rack inside the wardrobe. He did not put on his dressing-gown. The stripes were a little too gay, as tired as he was, and McGrath was downstairs and Pegott was dead, so no one would see him.

Nevertheless, he peered cautiously out into the hall before he slipped out of his room and scurried along the darkened corridor to the bathroom door. He opened it, and stopped, petrified in his tracks, sure finally and with no possible room for doubt that he had completely and irretrievably lost the last vestiges of his mind and the last tattered remnant of any sanity he had ever possessed. He was staring directly

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**THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE**

*Continued from previous page*

at himself. He was there in the doorway, but he was also there inside the bathroom, himself in his long white nightshirt, wanting only his slippers and his steel-rimmed, lozenge-shaped spectacles.

He had left his spectacles on the bureau under the mildewed mirror, so that the image of himself staring back at him was blurred and confused. He could still see, however, what he was doing. He was brushing his hair with the chef's silver-backed hairbrush.

"Oh, dear, dear, I am barmy," he muttered to himself, and tried to edge back out of the doorway. Then he blinked violently, moistened his particularly dry lips and tried to swallow, when suddenly the other figure of himself put down the hairbrush and padded, with horny toes and calloused feet scraping on the waxed floor covering, directly towards him, one finger raised, pointing at his palpitating chest. "The wicked shall be repaid . . . and the good!"

Mr. Pinkerton, gulping, edged back into the hall. The other man, barefooted in the long nightshirt, padded along with him. Mr. Pinkerton's heart felt as if it were in his mouth, choking him. He edged round surreptitiously, so he could back down the hall to his own door. But the man stopped. He raised his bony finger and spoke again:

*"Stone walls do not a prison make,*
*Nor iron bars a cage!"*

With that, he turned and strode like a prophet, barefooted, his nightshirt flapping about his bony ankles, along the hall to the door of the room next to Pegott's. He opened it and looked back at Mr. Pinkerton. Then he bowed.

"A very good night to you, sir. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' "

Mr. Pinkerton was alone in the hall. "Oh, mercy me!" he said, and ran the rest of the way to his room. He would have pushed the bureau across to block his door, but it was heavy and he did not want to make any noise. As Miss Grimstead had said, however, you had to make do with what you could get, these days. That could apply to a chair as well as a chef. He could get the chair in front of the door, and did, quietly but with considerable relief, before he sank down on the side of his bed and wiped the cold sweat off his brow with the sleeve of his patched and worn nightshirt.

"Peculiar" seemed to him a very mild word for Miss Grimstead to have used. He thought for a moment of going downstairs and telling the inspector, but he gravely doubted if he had strength enough to go out of his door again in the near future. *And I must get myself some pyjamas,* he thought, as he laid his head on the pillow and closed his weary eyes.

INSPECTOR BULL left his semi-detached villa in Hampstead at half past seven that morning. He had got in three hours' sleep, a bath, a shave and a clean shirt. He had also got a report from the young woman on duty with Mary Winship, who was still asleep. Mr. McGrath had been persuaded to go to his own room and go to bed shortly before five. The rest of No. 4 Godolphin Square was apparently quiet and secure.

Bull's first call was in Wimpole Street. He found Sidney Copeland at breakfast.

"I want to talk to you about Mrs. Winship's illness, sir."

"I'm not the physician, you understand? I'm a surgeon. But I did discuss it with him at length. It's a psychological disturbance, Inspector. In effect, an allergy upsetting her vasomotor system. Apparently connected with the memory of her husband, and his reappearance in several forms."

"The flowers, for example, sir?"

"Right," Copeland said. He put down his coffee cup. "The flowers. You understand, Inspector, this is difficult for me. I've been very fond of Louise Winship for a great many years. I've waited to marry her for a long time. There have been times when she's agreed to take legal action to free herself from this man, but each time she's had a serious attack of her asthma."

"You really want to marry her, sir?" Inspector Bull asked deliberately.

Sidney Copeland's ascetic face reddened. "I've said so, Inspector." He pushed his chair back. "If you will come with me, I'll give you as much of the history of Mrs. Winship's illness as I can, as briefly as I can. We're both busy men. I'm sorry I was not called in when Mary was found last night."

"This morning, it was," Bull said. "We preferred to have . . . another opinion."

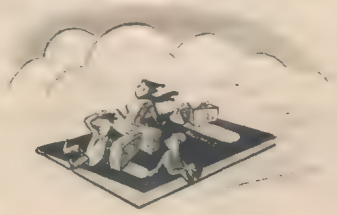
"Unbiased?" Copeland looked at him, raised his brows and opened the door into his surgery. "Sit down, Inspector. . . ."

BULL stopped, forty-five minutes later, at Guillaume's, Florist, Tottenham Court Road.

"My father and his assistants were killed when the shop was bombed out in Oxford Street," the manageress said resentfully. "Most of our records were destroyed. These are what are left. I came down early to get them out for you. Sophie talks about things she doesn't know about. I'd sack her if I could get anybody else. I can't tell you much; this is all I know."

His third stop was in the Strand at the offices of the building concern where Nancy Pulham, daughter of the late

## *NOW YOU KNOW*



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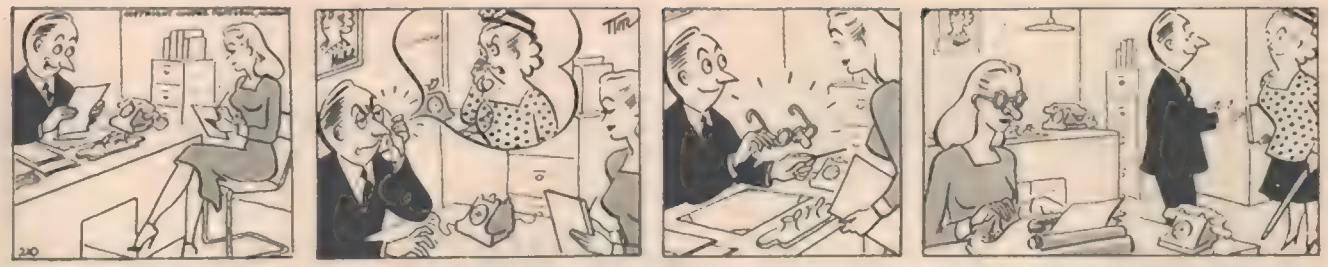
# OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Inspector Pulham, C.I.D., was secretary to the manager.

"Here they are, Inspector Bull." She handed him a bundle of papers tied with a brown shoelace. "Father would love to know he'd helped you in any way. He'd always been going to write a book, so give them all back to me; some day I'd like to write it for him or get somebody who can. I've taken out all the references to the Winship case for you. It was always his favourite case, you know. Mother called it 'Pulham's Folly.' He called it 'The Doctor's Dilemma.' He'd be surprised to know Mr. Copeland's got ahead the way he has done."

His fourth stop was his own small office overlooking the Embankment. He hung up his hat and stood at the window a moment, looking through the plane trees, watching a coal barge move slowly up the Thames until it disappeared under the bridge. Big Ben's solemn, deep-tongued voice boomed out nine. He turned to his desk and picked up the telephone.

"Send him along," he said patiently. Then he took out his horn-rimmed spectacles and polished them thoughtfully for several minutes before he perched them on the end of his nose.

"Well, Pinkerton," he said. "What is it now?"

MR. EVAN PINKERTON sidled into the office. He always sidled nervously in there, as if he were in some kind of invisible custody, yet with the concerted forces of law and order hot on his heels.

"It—it was the chef, Chief Inspector," he stammered. "He's the one that thinks the wicked shall be repaid. He wasn't away last night; he was there. I saw him. And if he doesn't believe in poisoning roaches, he'd be hardly likely to be poisoning Mrs. Winship. So my theory's gone. Although I expect that doesn't necessarily follow," he added hopefully.

Bull waived the point. "The chef was preaching in Hyde Park the afternoon Pegott was killed," he said patiently. "A constable reported about him. He was standing by because a couple of young ruffians were heckling the man in a threatening manner. He was also quite safe last night." Bull smiled faintly. "He was like you. In jail. He was trying a competition with a Communist street meeting in Lambeth and was taken into protective custody. They sent him home about one o'clock."

He eased himself back into his chair. "He's quite harmless, they say, except out on the street when he sees a—a brand to pluck from the burning." Bull's sober face lighted again, slightly, for an instant. "I expect your sins have found you out, Pinkerton. Anything else?"

Mr. Pinkerton shook his head. He was nevertheless a little relieved that the chef had been talking about his own stone walls and iron bars, not about Evan Pinkerton's. He hesitated for an instant. "You told me to tell you everything I could think of, Chief Inspector. I've not been able to think of anything else except one thing that is very trivial. Miss Winship called me 'Mr. Pilkington' once. I expect she was put out, at that moment, because she thought Dan was an American antique dealer trying to buy her mantelpiece."

Mr. Pinkerton was really only trying to gain time, hoping that perhaps Bull would break down and tell him something. But the inspector gave no sign of breaking down anything except possibly the chair that he was leaning his enormous bulk backwards in.

"Well, goodbye, Chief Inspector. I expect you'll be out later?"

"I expect so," Bull said. "Cheerio."

He watched Mr. Pinkerton close the door, and listened to his scurrying footsteps along the narrow corridor. He pushed up his horn-rimmed glasses then, and started going through Inspector Pulham's notes, one by one, reading them soberly and carefully, while another part of his mind wandered up and down, in and out, round the intricate maze of fact and surmise, impression and doubt, that he was immediately concerned with, picking a path here and abandoning it at a dead end there, assorting and reassorting, trying to reach out and grasp the frail thread that would lead through the dark labyrinth.

Suddenly he took off his glasses and put them sharply down on the desk, almost saying, "How blind I have been." If he had not been blind, he would have seen it all clearly without the aid of written words. He sat there for a moment, reached down and pulled open the drawer that had in it the neatly labelled exhibits the prosecutor would take to court. A small sledge-hammer — not the one that Eric Dalrymple-Hughes had been killed with, but another, taken from the room Sophie Barnes had led them to the night before, where she had met Pegott in his *pied-à-terre* in Bayswater. He looked at it a moment, and at the cold chisel that had been with it, wrapped in a towel marked "4 Godolphin Square," in Pegott's bureau drawer.

Bull put them back, took up the book that had been in Pegott's dispatch case, taken out by Dan McGrath and finally given to Bull when McGrath had decided to tell everything he knew. He turned to the page he had marked with a slip of paper.

"Of special interest to me," wrote the Boston McGrath, "has been a small picture, reputedly a Dutch master, sold by an Englishman, reputedly a gentleman, for what in these days of less enthusiastic purchases of old canvas seems a fairly large sum. The opinion of the dealer who bought the picture, but never received it, was that the owner was aware it would not stand up to present-day microscopic and X-ray tests, which were agreed upon at the time of sale.

"The picture quietly disappeared, the family quietly made restitution. It would not be the first time that a reputed Old Master has vanished or been taken off the market before its authenticity could be determined. If the family has money enough, it is frequently glad to draw in its horns and continue to point out great-great-grandfather's Old Master to undiscerning friends, not to dealers. *Caveat emptor!*"

Bull closed the book and let his eyes rest for a moment on Inspector Pulham's dog-eared notes.

*Caveat emptor,* he thought. *Let the buyer beware.* He shook his head. He had come very close to being a buyer himself; he had very nearly bought Inspector Pulham's *idée fixe.*

He pushed the notes back and got to his feet. Pegott's luggage was stacked neatly in one corner of the small room. He went over to it, opened the dispatch case that had been lying on the murdered man's bed, and stood looking down at it. He went back to his desk and picked up the telephone.

"Put me on to Inspector Carson. . . . I'm not going to the inquest on Arthur Pegott," he said, when the inspector was on. "Get it adjourned as soon as possible, for further information." He made two others calls, thought a moment, and took up the phone a fourth time. "Put me on to Mr. Sidney Copeland in Wimpole Street.

"Inspector Bull here," he said, when he heard the surgeon's dry, precise voice. "I have to ask you to go to 4 Godolphin Square, Mr. Copeland. I've got a nurse with Mrs. Winship. I'll be there to talk with her in a few minutes. I think it would be wise for you to be present. . . . I know you've a full day ahead, sir. I think it would be better if you come of your own accord."

He put the phone down and got up. Big Ben was striking ten slow sonorous notes from the tower above the Houses of Parliament on the river embankment. He listened until the last note died above the hoot and clamour of motor traffic across Westminster Bridge and the scurry of the taxis and trams in the street below. He looked at his watch, got his hat and put it on, ignoring the telephone ringing on his desk. It rang again as he opened the door, a short and somehow urgent demand that made him stop, close the door and go back.

"Bull here."

He listened, intently, after the first few words. "Repeat that." The voice in his ear came from the sergeant on duty downstairs.

"A man here says his name is Winship, sir, and you're looking for him. He's come to give himself up. He says to tell you his coat is torn; the pocket has been pulled off, sir."

Inspector Bull took his hat off mechanically and dropped it on his desk. He stared blankly out of the window for an instant, at nothing.

"Send him up," he said.

He put the phone down. His mild blue eyes, sober and not a little perplexed, moved from Inspector Pulham's notes to the book written by the Boston McGrath, and from there to the drawer of exhibits, and across the room to Pegott's dispatch case on top of the pile his luggage made in the corner. He stood there for several moments, moved around then to his chair and sat down, leaning forward, his eyes fixed on the door.

DAN MCGRATH tapped lightly on the door of Dalrymple-Hughes's flat at No. 4 and waited. He was back from the inquest on Arthur Pegott, an hour and a half lost getting there and back, with the coroner's proceedings taking seven and one quarter minutes before they were adjourned until another day. Mr. Pinkerton had not shown up, nor the man he was supposed to look for, nor anyone he could conceivably imagine to be the little Welshman's friend calling down anathemas on unrepentant sinners. There was no one he had ever seen before, and not even Inspector Bull.

He rapped impatiently on the door again. It was eleven o'clock and he still had not seen Mary.

"Oh, sir, she's gone downstairs." Sarah, the maid, put her head out of the door of the flat across the hall. "The nurse helped her down. She is a sight, sir. It's a blessing she wasn't killed, too, I expect, if you want to look at it that way. A detective was here talking to her, too, sir."

"Thanks." Dan started down the stairs. He had a certain not unnatural reluctance about barging in on the Winships again, but it was no place for Mary, and he was going to get her out. Scotland Yard might well be tops, taken over a hundred years, but they were too blasted casual to suit McGrath—too casual and too deliberate. It was good the British were law-abiding people, or the whole population could get its throat cut while Inspector Bull sat on his *derrière*. He knocked at Miss Winship's door.

"Oh," he said. "*You're* here."

Mr. Sidney Copeland equally repressed any enthusiasm he may have felt at seeing Dan McGrath on the other side of the door. He said: "Is there something you wish?" His hand stayed on the door.

"Yes. I wish to see Mary. If it's all the same to you."

*Come on, McGrath. Stop being a fool. Be nice to the gentleman.*

"I'd like very much to see her, sir. Sorry to have to bother you."

"Come in."

He went in as Copeland stood aside. "Hi, there." It was all he could say, seeing her, and she was all he did see, for a blurred, profoundly grateful moment, sitting up in a big chair in her dressing-grown, one taped ankle resting on an ottoman, one wrist taped and a square patch of white bandage where her dark curly hair had been shaved away from the cut on her head.

"You're a cute-looking mess," he said. The side of her face was scraped and there was a patch over one eye. But she was smiling at him, and words didn't matter a great deal. He took her good hand and squeezed it, bent down and kissed her softly on her good cheek and on her lips. "Gosh," he whispered, aware then that his semantic approach must sound exceedingly vulgar to Sidney Copeland.

It was then that he saw the rest of them—Mrs. Winship, frail, but apparently surprisingly fit after her attack of the day before, the white-clad nursing sister on the sofa beside her, and Caroline Winship.

He saw her with a shock that jolted him to the soles of his shoes. She was still in the yellow chair, but it had been moved. It was no longer backed up against the fireplace like a beleaguered throne. It was beside the desk, turned so that her back was towards the door. Miss Winship faced the window looking out on to the square. She had her stick gripped in her hand, her head bent forward like some great, silently brooding figure from Michelangelo, passionately alive in spite of the heavy-lidded eyes, still glazed, that were fixed out of the window, not seeing him, or, if she saw him, ignoring him.

Mary put her hand up, touched his lightly, and shook her head. Until she did so, he had not realized how he was staring at her aunt, and he turned away quickly.

Sidney Copeland was winding up a roll of bandage. "I think you'll be fairly comfortable now." He managed to

*Continued on page 27*

# How I Found Relief From Indigestion

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## THE MURDERS IN GODOLPHIN SQUARE

*Continued from page 25*

ignore Dan, too. Only Mrs. Winship seemed interested in his being there. She smiled at him from her pillows on the sofa. He went over to her.

"I hope you're better," he said, and stepped back as the nurse executed an unobtrusive but neat movement that seemed somehow to prevent him from coming close to her patient.

Mary held her hand out to him with a quick smile. "Why don't you bring a chair over here by me, Dan?" she said. "Or sit down here on the ottoman?" She moved her sprained foot over to make room for him. It was reassurance McGrath badly needed. He felt awkward and ill at ease. Mary and her mother were the only ones who seemed to want him there, but Mary's wanting him was enough. He sat down by her feet and touched the taped ankle gently.

"Hurt?"

She shook her head. "No. It's all right now."

"What happened? Can you tell me?" He glanced at her aunt in the yellow chair.

"It's quite all right; they all know," Mary said quickly. "It was stupid, that's all. I thought you were going over there to find him. I thought you knew So I followed you out. I saw you speak to Copey, from Mason's window downstairs, and then I saw you at the top of the square, and going through the garden. I was this side when everything happened. Only I didn't come in. I—I waited, and then I went over by myself. For a long time I've—well, I've wanted to go back and go up those stairs. So I—I climbed over the barrier and went up. I was at the top before I realized that—that anybody was still there. He came up out of the back stairs. He ran when he saw me. He ran down and got in the street, and I started after him. I tripped on something and fell. I must have hit my head on the iron rail, because that's all I remember. I don't remember falling all the way down. That's where you found me, wasn't it?"

Dan nodded. "He——" he hesitated. It was a hard question to ask. "He didn't strike you, then? Honest, Mary?"

She shook her head. "Really. He seemed as startled as I was. I don't think he saw me at all—not to see who I was, I mean. Of course, he wouldn't recognize me. But he just sort of gasped, and cut and ran for it."

"You were a fool to go." Caroline Winship's voice was grating. "I told you to keep away from there. You might have been killed, too."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have——"

"Be still!" Caroline Winship raised her hand peremptorily. She pulled herself forward in the chair. "What is that? Who are those men?" She struck the floor with her stick. Her voice rose. "Who are those men?" she exclaimed again. Her free hand shot out, pointing in an imperative gesture through the window across the square. "What are they doing there? What are they doing in my house? What right have they——?"

As she struggled to raise her heavy body upright, Dan moved across the room, and standing behind the yellow chair, followed the intense staring gaze of the brilliant, heavy-lidded eyes. He thought: "An Englishman's house is his castle . . . all the winds of heaven may whistle through it, but the king cannot——" The words remembered from his schoolday history flashed ludicrously into his mind. He was astonished, looking out through this window for the first time, to see how close the ruins of Miss Winship's house were, and how clearly he could see the frail and delicate hanging staircase and the open balcony formed by the transverse hall, with no branches of yellowed leaves to obstruct the view.

Something Mr. Pinkerton had said that first day flashed into his mind also: Miss Winship had bribed the gardener to prune away the branches that shut off her sight of the bombed house from the window where she always sat, eternally brooding.

It was like being in the front row of the balcony in a theatre, Dan thought suddenly, watching the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, with the pale sun spotlighting the stage. Now two cars pulled up in the road and half a dozen men scrambled out—the Capulets and Montagues in modern dress, armed, not with swords and pikes, but with pickaxes and crowbars.

Miss Caroline Winship's heavy voice beat angrily through the room. "Who are they? What are they doing? They're trying to steal my staircase and my mantels! . . . Copeland!" She turned towards the room, gesturing with her stick at the telephone. "Copeland . . . put me on to my solicitor!"

Sidney Copeland, startled, came across the room towards her. "Don't excite yourself, Caroline. You'll——"

The rap on the door cut him sharply off. There was a short silence in the room. Caroline Winship called hoarsely, "Who's there?"

Copeland took a step towards it before it opened and Inspector Bull came in. Dan McGrath, watching silently, had the curious impression that something else had come in with his stolid and burly figure—the dignity and authority of the English law.

Inspector Bull had a paper in his hand. "I have a warrant for the search of the premises at Number Twenty-two Godolphin Square, Miss Winship," he said. "It is your privilege to be present while we make the search, if you wish to do so."

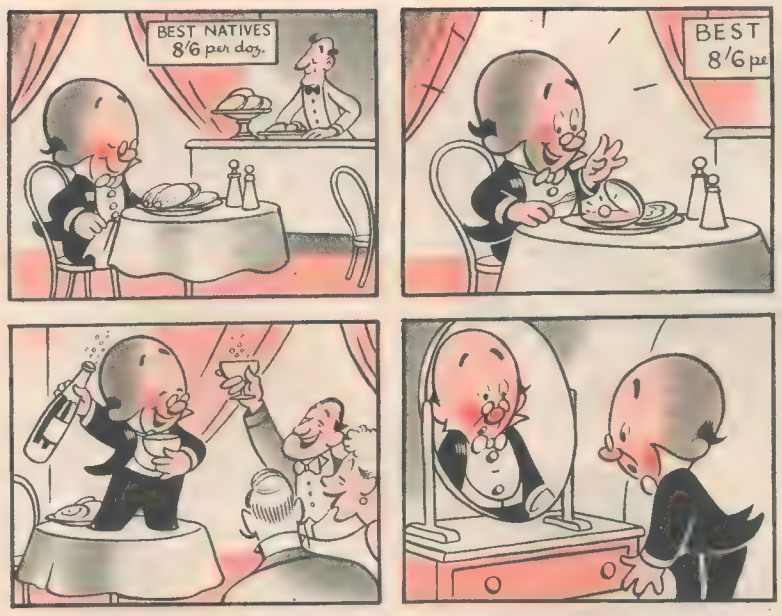
"No." Caroline Winship drew herself erect. "No."

Dan McGrath was hardly aware of the legal formalities or even of little Mr. Pinkerton, like a small grey skiff trailing in the wash of the law's majestic craft. He was staring past Bull and past Mr. Pinkerton at the third man, who was easing himself uncomfortably into the room behind them. He had on a raincoat, but his trouser legs were of tweed that was more oatmeal than brown in colour, and his sandy, greying hair was rumpled.

It was lighter in Miss Winship's sitting-room than it had been on the attic third floor between the lift and Arthur Pegott's room, but even then Dan had the same instant impression of baggy tweeds, a slight build, an indefinable air of good breeding. The man was far from peering at him now with quietly amused interest, but he was the man Dan had seen up there with his hand on Pegott's door.

*(To be concluded next week)*

## *MR. DIMPLE* — *by David Hand*




## CASE OF THE ASTONISHED WINE

*Continued from page 10*

such people and places did and do exist in France. The Comte de Sobe was an old recluse of eccentric habits. He lived alone, except for a single and ancient servant, in a rather beautiful château deep in the melancholy country of the Vendée.

"The count, who was nearly eighty years old when he was murdered, was extremely rich and extremely mean. He hardly ever left the château—which was called the Domaine de Sobe—and he never entertained. He ate one meal a day, dinner, and that at precisely eight o'clock, whatever the season. Célestin, the servant, who was nearly as old as his master, cooked the dinner in the kitchen.

"This kitchen, like most kitchens of sixteenth-century châteaux in that part of France, was below ground and almost two hundred yards away from the library in which the count invariably ate his meal. Communication between the library and the kitchen was by speaking tube. The telephone, which the count abhorred, was in the kitchen.

"Life in the Domaine had not varied for more than forty years. The count would potter around his acres in the morning, or, if it was bad weather, would see to his accounts or read his books in the library. He slept in the afternoon and then, at precisely ten minutes to eight in the evening, would call down the speaking tube to Célestin in the kitchen and warn him that on no account should he be late with the dinner. This procedure, as I say, had gone on for nearly half a century and it was observed on the night of the crime."

"In what state of health was the count?"

"That's a good question, Aubry," said the inspector, "but it's an academic one. I believe the old man was very vigorous, but I never gave much thought to the matter because, as I was about to reveal, the count was found battered to death in his library. He had been killed with a two-handed Crusader's sword.

"Well, there is the aged Comte de Sobe with his riches and his avarice; there is the sinister old château, and there is the faithful family retainer. Who is missing, do you think, from the cast of the drama?"

"Why, that's easy," said Durand. "Who but the shiftless, bankrupt son and heir?"

"Almost correct," said Vicq. "Henri Heim was certainly shiftless and even more certainly bankrupt. But he was not the old man's son. He was his nephew, the son of the count's favourite sister, who was dead.

"Henri Heim was a young man of thirty who had lived with his uncle for many years but who had, at the time of which I am talking, lately taken a small house in the village of Sobresau, six miles from the château gates. Mutual acrimony had made life with his uncle impossible.

"Henri was an attractive ne'er-do-well; courageous and charming, but always in need of money. He was the count's sole heir, a fact known to everybody in the district, since the old man was always threatening to cut him out of his will. These threats—and, indeed, everything that took place at the château—were relayed to the village by Célestin on his weekly visits to the market."

Vicq stopped and thought awhile. "This Célestin was a crotchety old fellow who much resembled his master in temperament and habits. He had the cunning and endurance of the peasant and he had something else—a little of the cynical ruthlessness of the count.

"As with all old retainers and their masters, these two had had many a row. De Sobe had been known to attack Célestin with a whip, and it was a common occurrence for the master to throw his dinner in the servant's face. Célestin, I think, hated de Sobe bitterly; but hatred has its obligations no less than love and can become a habit that only death can break."

"Was Célestin remembered in the old man's will?"

"Well done, Durand!" cried the inspector. "Yes, he was, and to some purpose. He was down for an annuity. It was not a sum that would be worth much today, but twenty years ago it was more than enough to keep an old man in comfort and even luxury."

"How was he physically?"

"Better and better, Durand. We'll make a policeman of you yet. You mean, don't you, to ask if he were capable of wielding a heavy Crusader's sword with force and dexterity? Yes, he was. Célestin was a tough peasant who could shoulder a two hundred litre barrel of wine with ease.

"Célestin, of course, knew he was to have an annuity on his master's death. So did the whole village. So did Henri Heim. Well, there it is. You know as much about the setting and the principal actors as I did. I was on the scene less than half an hour after the crime had been committed. The count's body, in fact, was still warm when I got there; I didn't need the police doctor's opinion that the murdered man had been alive forty minutes before."

"Who had sounded the alarm?" asked Durand.

"Henri Heim telephoned the station; but it was not he who had first found the body. Let me run over the sequence of events as I was able, very quickly, to reconstruct it. I have told you that the count very seldom left the Domaine. But he had that day made one of his rare visits to the village, where he

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CASE OF THE ASTONISHED WINE

*Continued from previous page*

talked business with a baliff. The count, who didn't own a car—he was far too miserly for that—had walked the six miles back from Sobresau and had arrived at the château just before six o'clock. That time could be checked because the village postman had met the old man in the drive. The count had let himself in, as he always did, and was not heard of again until, according to custom, he called down the speaking tube at exactly ten minutes to eight and told Célestin in the kitchen not to be late with the dinner.

"Right. We have Célestin in the kitchen setting up the dinner tray; we have the count in the library; the time is precisely ten to eight. At eight o'clock Célestin enters the library and finds his master horribly wounded, speechless, and on the point of death. A Crusader's sword, one of a pair of ancestral trophies which hung above the fireplace, is lying by the body. . . ."

"This, of course, is Célestin's story?" put in Aubry.

"Yes. And Célestin had heard nothing. That was not surprising because, as I mentioned, the kitchen was a long walk from the library, along several passages and down at least two flights of stairs. Célestin, horrified, rushes back to the kitchen and telephones to Henri Heim, the count's nephew. Henri, with commendable speed, calls us at the police station and, when I arrive with my men, is already at the château.

"Nothing had been touched, and I was fairly certain that there had been no intruder. The room, in fact, was much as it must have been on any evening during the last half-century. The fire was burning and the count's chair was drawn up to it. The small table on which he would have eaten his dinner was near at hand and on the mantelpiece was a bottle of wine.

"The count had a famous cellar, but none but he ever entered it. It was his custom, every evening, to choose himself something to drink with his meal. He had not failed to do so on the last night of his life. I don't know why, but that bottle standing there struck me as something rather pathetic; it suddenly made me see the bitter, dead old man as a human being. And if only it could have spoken!"

THE inspector paused and reached for his tobacco pouch. Durand threw some coal on the fire and switched on the lights. Outside, the daylight was failing and the sounds of the city were dying away.

"Because," Vicq continued, "I was an extremely puzzled man. I was as certain as I could be that the murderer was standing in the room. The count had been killed by either Henri or Célestin. . . ."

"Why shouldn't they have been accomplices?" asked Aubry.

"No reason at all; except that, psychologically, I judged such a thing as quite impossible. I am sure this must shock you, Aubry, but I knew the men; I was confident that two such characters would never work together. It was the nephew or the servant. Both had motives—strong motives—of which I was aware. In a small country district there is not much hidden from the police. I knew that Célestin had had a particularly heated row with his master the day before. And I knew, too, that the count had finally broken with Henri and that the young man was to be disinherited. The count, in fact, had made an appointment with his solicitors for that end; the meeting was to be the very next day.

"Yes, the motives were there all right. But so were the alibis. Consider the facts: first, from Henri's point of view. The count comes in at six o'clock; he descends to the cellar and chooses himself a bottle of wine; carrying this, he goes to the library and settles down to his reading. At exactly ten minutes to eight he calls down the speaking tube to Célestin and warns him to be on time with the dinner. Four minutes later the telephone bell rings in the kitchen; it is Henri Heim asking Célestin if the count is in. Célestin answers that he is—he adds that his master has just spoken to him.

"Heim then asks Célestin to tell the count, when he takes in the dinner, that he, Henri Heim, will visit the château at nine o'clock that night. At eight o'clock Célestin takes the dinner to the library and finds the count dying. He immediately telephones Henri, who arrives just before we do."

Vicq looked at them. "The count, then, is alive at ten minutes to eight, since he spoke to Célestin on the speaking tube. Henri is in the village four minutes later—since he talked to Célestin on the telephone. At eight o'clock the count is dead."

"Henri has his alibi all right," said Aubry. "But I don't see one for Célestin."

"Célestin's story is not, strictly speaking, an alibi at all. But it is something almost as strong — a studied refusal to present an alibi."

"What do you mean?" asked Durand.

"This. Let us suppose that Célestin has murdered the count. Why on earth, in that case, should Célestin be at pains to establish an alibi for the only other man who could be strongly suspected—Henri? Remember, it was Célestin who told us of the count's talking on the speaking tube and of Henri Heim's telephone call at six minutes to eight. It struck me as fantastic that this old peasant should stand there and practically accuse himself by exonerating Henri. I was convinced of Célestin's innocence; his story, psychologically, was stronger than Henri's alibi—which seemed to be faultless. Yes, it was Henri all right—but the proof! Where was the proof?"

The inspector looked at Aubry with a grin. "I don't know what you would have done, Sergeant. I suppose you would have been very busy with your photographs and fingerprints and your smears from the Crusader's sword. You would have been hard at it, I'm sure; and I'm willing to bet everything I possess that you wouldn't have done what I did."

"Probably not," said Aubry,

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"but tell us, what did you do?"

"I asked Célestin for a corkscrew. I sat down at the count's table and poured out a glass of his wine. A minute later I arrested Henri Heim for murder. Once he knew it was all up he told me everything.

"In a way, it was the least sordid crime I had come across. It was terrible and violent, but it was done in hot blood and under the urge of ungovernable rage. How near all of us have been to the final, irrevocable act! How often, seeing red, we have wished somebody dead at our feet. Fortunately for society, most of us master the prompting to destroy. Henri Heim didn't.

"Heaven knows what bitter taunts the old man had thrown at his nephew's head during the two hours they were together. The fact is that the spring of Heim's control broke suddenly. He wrenched the sword—its hilt was just above his head—and with one passionate, descending stroke cut his tormentor down."

Vicq broke off and looked at his listeners. "It was a curious experience to hear Henri reconstructing the crime in the very room where it had taken place, and with the count's body still lying where it had fallen less than an hour before. It was instructive, too, because I learnt how a man can change in half a second from a death-brandishing savage to a cold and calculating human machine. For, the moment the count fell dying, Henri Heim had to think and work with incredible speed. He had not a second to lose.

"This is what had happened. The count had not, as we thought, entered the château alone at six o'clock that evening. Heim had been waiting for him in the park. He knew all about his uncle's determination to disinherit him the next morning; he had resolved on one more attempt to change the old man's mind. The count agreed to let Heim have his say and they entered the château together; they went straight to the library.

"There, for an hour and fifty minutes, they argued and wrangled. The count was bitter and abusive; he laughed in Heim's face with that hollow, dry derision of which only the very old seem capable. Finally, he heated his nephew's anger to the flash point. The next instant he was dead.

"Imagine the scene now. Henri stands with the sword in his hands. (By the way, Aubry, there were no fingerprints. Henri, who had been about to leave the count before he was goaded into murdering him, had already put on his gloves.) He stands there, as I say, with the body at his feet. And the first thing he sees, when the red mist has cleared, is the clock on the mantelpiece. The hands point to exactly ten minutes to eight.

"Now, Henri, who has lived many years of his life at the château, is perfectly familiar with the routine of the house. He realizes that, at that very moment, Célestin is waiting for the count's daily warning about dinner. In a second Henri's plan is made. He strides to the speaking tube and, perfectly mimicking his uncle, goes through the well-known phrases. Then he snatches his hat and coat and flies from the château.

"His car is in the park; a minute later he is in the call box at the crossroads half a mile from the gates of the Domaine. Ostensibly speaking from Sobresau village, six miles away, he calls Célestin in the château kitchen and tells him to inform the count that he, Henri, will call on his uncle at nine o'clock that evening. The first stage of the alibi is established. Henri has now about five minutes' grace. He must be in his house at Sobresau at eight o'clock, because he knows that Célestin will be, in two minutes, on his way to the library — and his murdered master.

"Driving very fast and without lights—it is winter and the roads are deserted—he reaches his house and is just in time to answer Célestin's terrified summons. It is a desperately near thing: the telephone is ringing as he dashes into the hall. He answers Célestin; calls the police, and is motoring back to the château less than ten minutes after he left it. Célestin lets him in and takes him to the library. I arrive with my men a quarter of an hour later — and Henri's alibi is complete."

"He was very lucky," said Durand. "If the car had failed to start, if. . . ."

"All 'ifs' are crime's double agents," said Vicq, "they have to be trusted. Henri's didn't play him false. He was very lucky—and too clever. Heim had forgotten nothing. Not even the master detail that was to make his the perfect crime. Because, before he fled from the library, hurrying as he literally was for his life, Heim saw that one thing, one all-important thing, was missing from the scene. It was something he must not forget. He didn't forget it—and it took him to the penitentiary."

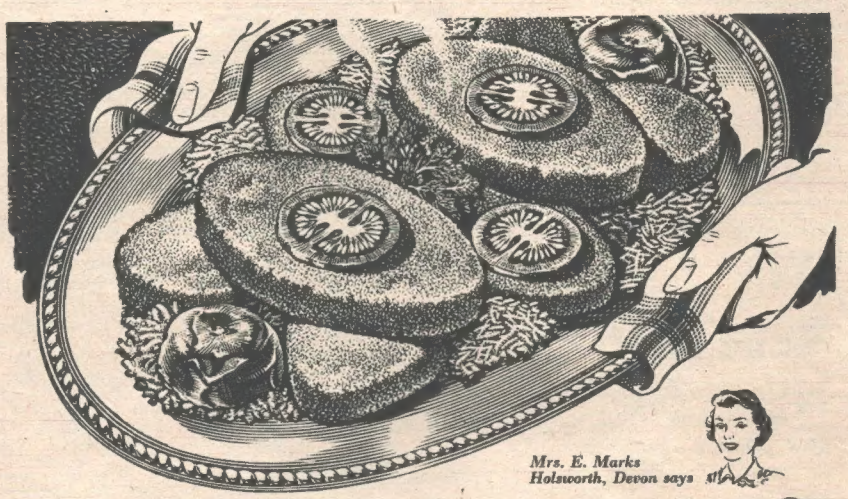
Sergeant Aubry shifted in his chair and looked with perplexity at the inspector. Vicq caught the glance.

"Yes, I know, Aubry. All this must sound very amateurish to you. By this time you would have had Célestin and Henri Heim back in the police station. Your men would be combing the château, and the poor old count would probably be suffering an autopsy. You would be doing all that and you would be right. But I—I was opening the bottle of wine. I wanted time to think, and wine helps me to think. I poured out a glass. I smelt it. I tasted it. Then I looked at Henri—and he understood. He almost held out his hands for the bracelets."

"Now for Sherlock Holmes," interposed Durand.

"Yes—and for my luck. I told you, didn't I, that if I had been born in Paris, for instance, I would never have solved the de Sobe murder. Nor, Aubry, would you, a Lorrainer, have done so. But I was born and brought up in the Medoc; my home was in the château of a vineyard

*Continued on next page*

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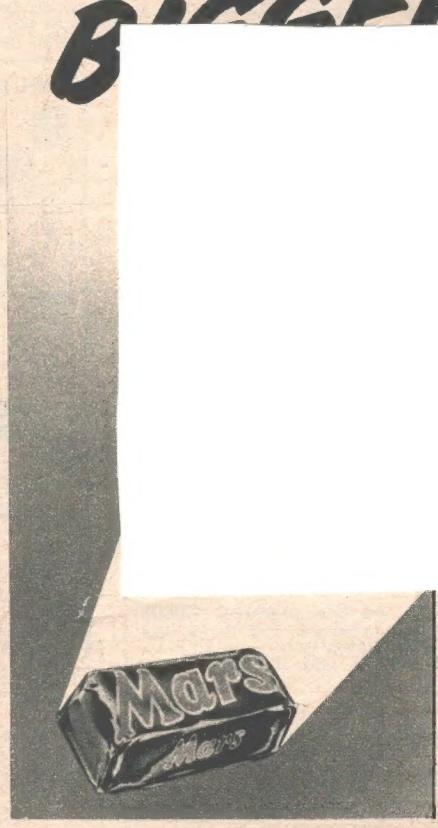


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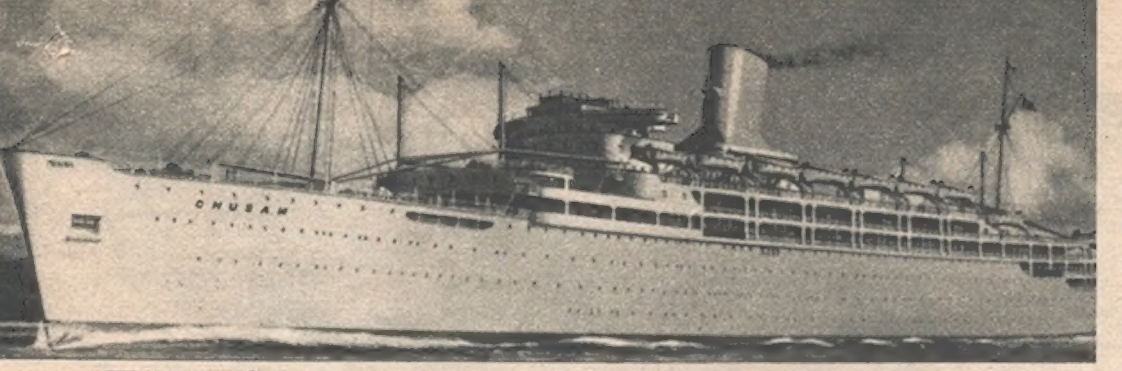


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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's Ship
What We Fancy
Jockey Attlee
Coo Of The Dove
It's An Old Story, But
To Get Out Of The Rut
Man With A Spade
Good Customer
For One Or Two
Hiram Arrived And
Critical
New Lease Of Life
In Her Opinion
Going To The Country
Frowned Upon
Flossie, The Barmaid
Dazzling
By The Sound Of It
Knocked For Six
At The Scene Of The Crime

**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**

Like A Lot Of.....
That.....Look
If They Were All.....
No Ordinary.....
Before He Could.....
On The.....Committee

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

**POST ENTRY**

"Bullets" 1,729 (or Xword 681), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

**RULES** 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated May 20 and in JOHN BULL dated May 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

## "Bullets" Winners 1,724

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Giant Surprise Gift: F. R. Harris, 60 Ridgeview Close, Mays Lane, Barnet:
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£25: M. Warner, Upper Winchendon, Bucks: DEPUTIZING FOR DOVE—BOMBER—TILL *Nations* "COO."

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## Cash, Holidays, Food for Xwords

### THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

**Across Clues** **XWORD 681**

1. Many of these don't wash
3. It helps a doctor in his treatment if he can also give his patient this
7. There's not so much need for these now as there was before the war
9. Grit sometimes removes stain from them
11. British boxing is healthier when a Lonsdale belt is not easy to
12. Should you advertise by display of posters, see you get suitable this for them
13. You won't get good results from garden without plenty of
14. Sometimes follows explosion

**Down Clues**

2. Many a time it's easy to do this with absolute exactness
4. Even with these to play with, a child is not necessarily contented
5. Where there is this on road there's an added element of danger to traffic
6. Sharp one is likely to penetrate our defences
8. Young couples wanting a house won't get sympathy from people who are
10. It's natural that stars should often appear in this
Sharp blow may be given by one

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### 2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 676

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Signs. 5, Life. 7, Root. 9, Fate. 10, Buy. 13, Changes. 14, Paging. DOWN: 1, Size. 2, Shop. 3, Hill. 4, Lead. 6, Fees. 8, Stag. 11, Rats. 12, Pip.

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*(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)*

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **681** Closing Postmark, Monday, May 1

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

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542

## CASE OF THE ASTONISHED WINE

*Continued from previous page*

among the little hills on the southern bank of the Gironde. Tasting that glass of the count's wine was like shaking the hand of an old friend, or re-reading a well-loved book.

"It was a beautiful wine, a Château Lafite, part of the great vintage of 1928; but I wouldn't have drunk another sip from the bottle—then. That wine was too cold, and the lees were dancing in its body. Immediately, I realized two things: that it had come out of a cellar a few minutes before, and that it had been lately subjected to rough handling. It had been moved.

"That wine was half awake; it was like a man suddenly plucked from a deep sleep. That wine was grumpy—and astonished. And at once the whole thing fell into place. The bottle had not been brought from the cellar two hours before by the count; it had been placed on the library mantelpiece a few minutes before I arrived. And it had been placed there by Henri Heim. . . ."

"Why not by Célestin?" Aubry asked.

THE inspector looked disappointed. "Aubry, Aubry! If Célestin had murdered the count at about eight o'clock, the wine would have been in the library already. For the count, as we knew, went alone to the cellar every day at six o'clock precisely and fetched up a bottle for his dinner. He would have fetched it up reverently, would have carried it to the library as one carries a sleeping child—and would have stood it, as a good wine must be stood, for two hours before opening, in the room in which it would be drunk.

"But on that evening, for perhaps the first time in half a century, the count had failed to get his wine. He had been too angry, too busy arguing with his nephew; the custom of a lifetime had gone by default. Heim, who knew the scene so well—the count waiting for dinner, the wine bottle on the mantelpiece—realized even as he rushed from the room that a bottle must be there when the police arrived. There was no question of getting one from the count's cellars; every second was precious now, with Célestin almost already on his way. So the murderer snatched a bottle from his own cellars in Sobresau, threw it in his car and had it standing on the library mantelpiece when I came on the scene. But the journey in the car and the abrupt transition from the gentle atmosphere of the cellar to the frosty air outside had upset the wine's delicate balance.

"Wine is a living thing and, like all that lives, it reacts when hurt or harried. I might have been deceived by a Burgundy or by some wine I didn't know. But this wine of the Medoc was like an old and trusting friend, and my palate heard its whispered story."

The inspector had finished. In the darkness outside, the trams clanged and slithered down the Bordeaux waterfront; from the misty estuary the steamers called each other gravely.

"Talking of wine," said Vicq as he got up to stretch his legs, "there's rather an interesting bottle of Haut Brion in the messroom. Shall we go along and try it? Sergeant Aubry is going to be a good detective, but who knows if a little knowledge of wine won't help to make him a better one?"

THE END

Jockey Attlee
Hard Going Photo "Finish"

### WHAT JOBS FOR PROBLEM DAUGHTERS?

*Continued from page 12*

with an ambition to take a domestic science course and perhaps become the institutional manager of a big college or hospital. Her school record showed that she had the right qualities for an administrator, plenty of practical ability and common sense. Her father had different ideas. "I didn't send her to a good school just so that she could become a cook," he said. "Why can't she go to the university and study for one of the professions?"

Within an hour there was another father with his daughter, sitting in the same two chairs, with exactly opposite views. The girl was brilliant at mathematics and wanted to become a physicist. Her father didn't hold with women entering "men's professions "and thought his daughter would be better off learning domestic science.

#### Out-of-date Fathers

"That man was so incredibly behind the times," Miss Hilton said indignantly to a co-worker afterwards, "that he'd never heard of a woman being a physicist, and he refused to believe it when I told him there were a great many. If I could have reversed those two families, all would have been well. As it was, I had to attempt complete conversion with both fathers. It was hard work convincing one that there's nothing degrading about domestic work, and the other that nowadays many women do distinguished work as scientists."

Domestic work is a subject on which she has strong views. In the early days of the struggle for women's independence the pioneers had such a fight that they tended to say, "Give us jobs—but nothing to do with homes or children." Domestic work was rejected not because of itself, but because it was identified with women's former bondage in the home. But it's no longer necessary for a woman to prove belligerently that she is as good as any man. She is free—from the psychological and propaganda points of view—to work in the field to which she is best suited.

Some snobbish prejudice still remains against domestic work, but Miss Hilton hopes this will prove a changing fashion and that the irrational preference for white-collar secretarial work will disappear. After all, many household jobs are better paid, and possibly more interesting, than routine office jobs—but most girls would rather describe themselves as typists than household helps.

#### Viewpoint Is Changing

Something which is tending to change this false emphasis, says Miss Hilton, is the trend towards domestic work, of the better paid and more responsible sort, among girls from big public schools. If it is good enough for a duchess's daughter to study domestic science, then it will soon become good enough for a dustman's daughter to study cooking.

"All work has its natural dignity," Miss Hilton holds, "and no job is essentially more dignified than running a home. Time will probably remove the prejudice against domestic work, just as it has removed the prejudice against women in industry. But one thing time won't remove is the necessity for many women to earn their own living. Housework or typing, they'll have to do it somehow, and every girl should be prepared."

THE END


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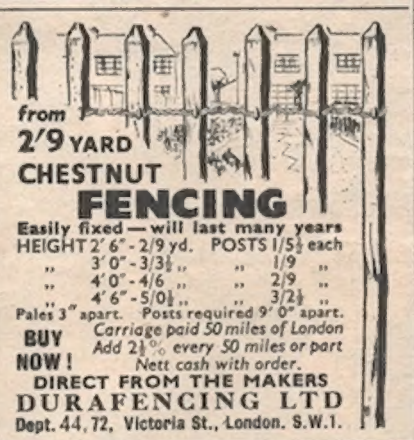

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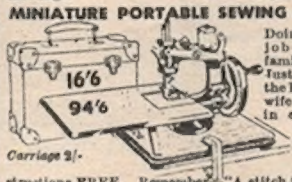


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## MRS. CRISP IN THE WEETABIX CEREAL . . .

So we all had supper with Brown Betty!
OF COURSE YOU'LL STAY, MY DEARS — NO IT'S NO BOTHER! BILL, YOU FINISH THE CROSS-WORD AND I'LL INTRODUCE JANE TO BROWN BETTY....
BROWN BETTY SOUNDS MOST INTRIGUING MRS. CRISP IS IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE?
SIMPLICITY ITSELF, JANE! FIRST, MELT 2 OZ. OF MARGARINE AND 2 TABLESPOONS OF SYRUP IN A LARGE PAN...
NEXT, TAKE 6 WEETABIX... CRUMBLE THEM INTO LARGISH PIECES, ADD A TEASPOON OF GROUND CINNAMON, AND MIX. NOW, WHILE THE OVEN'S WARMING UP—
GREASE A DEEP PIE-DISH AND LINE WITH A LAYER OF THE MIXTURE. NEXT, A LAYER OF SIEVED APPLE, THEN ANOTHER OF MIXTURE AND SO ON. 5 LAYERS IN ALL.
And so Brown Betty goes into the oven. "By the way," says Mrs. Crisp "a squeeze of lemon juice on each apple layer adds piquancy".
OVEN: Moderate
Regulo 5 or
375° Fahrenheit
30 MINUTES LATER
IF IT TASTES AS GOOD AS IT SMELLS, MRS. CRISP, BROWN BETTY'S GOING TO BE A BIG FAVOURITE IN OUR HOME, TOO!
NOW, YOU HUNGRY MAN, GET THIS INSIDE YOU! AND GET JANE TO MAKE IT FOR THE CHILDREN, TOO. WEETABIX ISN'T JUST A BREAKFAST FOOD!
WELL, THAT'S HOW I MAKE BROWN BETTY— A REALLY DELICIOUS SWEET. BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER LOVELY WAYS OF SERVING WEETABIX. LET ME SEND YOU MY FOLDER OF RECIPES — JUST WRITE TO ME AT 3 CONSTANTIA HOUSE BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

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